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Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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Selections.

From the Boston Courier.

SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Respect for the delicacy which shrinks from publicity would have induced us to change the style of the following letter, and to throw it into the form of an editorial, could we have done so without impairing the weight of its evidence against the recently-promulgated notion that *slavery was abolished in Massachusetts rather by accident than design.* We trust that the writer, one of those ministers of humanity, who "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame," will accept this apology for laying his communication before our readers without abridgment or alteration:

To the Editor of the Boston Courier:

MY DEAR SIR: I have seen in your paper, which I read with great pleasure, some statements respecting the introduction of a certain clause in the first article of our State Constitution. I have the authority of my late brother, John Lowell, for saying that he *knew that his father*, the late Judge Lowell, who was on the committee, *introduced this clause* for the express purpose of settling the question about slavery in the State, and that, as soon as the Constitution was adopted, he declared that every black in the State was free, and offered his services, gratuitously, to any such person whose right to his freedom was contested. My brother further told me that he believed my father *wrote* that article himself. You well know that my brother was not accustomed to assert what he did not believe to be true; and in this case he was qualified to know the facts, for he studied law with his father, and was his confidential friend.

I well remember, myself, when I was a boy at Andover Academy, being often told by an intelligent old black man who sold buns, that my father was the friend of the blacks, and the cause of their being freed, or something to that effect, and that I often had a bun or two extra on this account.

I may further state that, "in October, 1773, an action was brought against Richard Greenleaf, of Newburyport, by Cæsar, (Hendrick,) a coloured man, whom he claimed as his slave, for holding him in bondage. He laid the damages at fifty pounds. The counsel for the plaintiff, in whose favour the jury brought in their verdict, and awarded him eighteen pounds, damages and costs, was John Lowell, Esq. afterward Judge Lowell. This case excited much interest, as it was the first, if not the only one of the kind, that ever occurred in the country."*

I have a repugnance to the introduction of my name into the papers as the author of a communication, (and I do not write anonymously,) but consent to its being done on the present occasion, if you think there is not *the slightest* objection to it, and it is important to give any authority to the statements. If it may be avoided, I should prefer it.

I am, respectfully, dear Sir,
Your friend and servant,
CHAS. LOWELL.

MAY 17, 1847.

* Coffin's History of Newbury, p. 339.

From the Boston Courier.

SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The Hon. David Henshaw, on the occasion of the presentation of a sword to Col. Cushing, in February last, made the assertion, that "Massachusetts was the first of the States to abolish Slavery; and it was done *accidentally*, rather than by *design*."

Startled by this singular statement, and not remembering to have seen any extended account of so important a movement as the abolition of Slavery in this Commonwealth, we have looked into the matter, and give the result of the investigation to our readers.

Negro slaves were owned in the colony of Massachusetts Bay, previous to the year 1639, but their numbers were few. Indians taken in war were sometimes reduced to Slavery, and sold for shipment to Barbadoes. The Scots, and some of the royalist prisoners taken by Cromwell at the battle of Worcester, were sent to Massachusetts, and sold for a term of years to pay the expenses of their transportation.

The African Slave-Trade never was prosecuted in any great degree by the merchants of Massachusetts. A degree of infamy was attached to the characters of those that were engaged in it.

As early as 1700, the public mind began to be agitated in relation to Slavery, and the next year, (1701) Boston instructed her "representatives to promote the encouraging the bringing of white servants, and to put a period to negroes being slaves." In 1703, a duty of £4 was laid on every negro imported. From this period to 1766, there was no legislation upon the subject. In 1867, an attempt was made in the Legislature to abolish the Slave-Trade. A bill was brought into the House of Representatives "to prevent the unnatural and unwarrantable custom of enslaving mankind, and the importation of slaves into the province." The bill was so altered by the Council, then the upper house, that the other house were offended, and would not concur. Had it passed both houses, in any form whatever, Gov. Bernard would have vetoed the act.

In 1773 another attempt of the same kind was made. The bill passed both houses in January, 1774, but Gov. Hutchinson refused his assent. "His instructions" he said, "forbid." His successor, Gen. Gage, refused for the same reason.

The blacks had better success in the judicial courts. In 1770, James, a servant of Richard Lechmere, of Cambridge, brought an action against his master for detaining him in bondage. The negroes collected money among themselves to carry on the suit, and the verdict was in favour of the plaintiff. Other suits were instituted between that time and the Revolution, and the juries invariably gave their verdict in favour of liberty.

The pleas on the part of the masters were, that the negroes were purchased in open market, and bills of sale were produced in evidence; that the laws of the province recognized Slavery as existing in it, by declaring that no person should manumit his slave without giving a bond for his maintenance, &c.

On the part of the blacks it was pleaded, that the royal charter expressly declared all persons born or residing in the province, to be as free as the King's subjects in great Britain; that by the laws of England, no man could be deprived of his liberty but by the judgment of his peers; that the laws of the province respecting an evil existing, and attempting to mitigate or regulate it, did not authorize it; and, on some occasions, the plea was, that though the slavery of the parents be admitted, yet no disability of that kind could descend to children.

In some suits, the coloured men obtained damages from their masters, for having held them in bondage.

During the revolutionary war, public opinion was so strongly in favour of the abolition of Slavery, that in some of the country towns, votes were passed in town meetings, that they would have no slaves among them; and that they would not exact of masters any bonds for the maintenance of liberated blacks, should they become incapable of supporting themselves.

Some writers have entertained the idea that the decision in Sommersett's case, in England, in 1776, abolished Slavery in all the English colonies. Others, again, have contended that when Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence, in 1776, they virtually abolished Slavery throughout the country. It may not be out of place to state in this connection, that the world-renowned sentence respecting "the self-evident truths" of that document, as originally penned by Jefferson, read as follows:—"We hold these truths to be sacred and undeniable, that all men are created equal and independent, that from that equal creation they derive rights, some of which are inherent and inalienable—among these are the preservation of life and liberty." The alterations subsequently made by its author are a great improvement upon this first draft.

That Slavery was not regarded as abolished in this State by the citizens, appears from the article respecting voters in the Constitution, submitted to the people in 1778. This article reads that "every male inhabitant of any town in the State, being *free*, and twenty-one years of age, excepting negroes, Indians, and mulattoes, shall be entitled," &c.

The Constitution containing this article was rejected by the people, and a new convention, assembled the next year to frame one more in accordance with public opinion; a large committee was chosen to report a form of republican government, and the convention adjourned to the next year, to hear the report. In 1770, the convention adopted, and the people ratified by more than a two-thirds vote, the Constitution. The first article of the declaration of rights asserts that "all men are born free and equal." This was inserted not merely as a moral or political truth, but with a particular view to establish the liberation of the negroes on a general principle, and so it was understood by the people at large. It would be difficult to select words more precisely adapted to the abolition of Slavery. The qualification of voters in the Constitution is based on this idea, as it reads—"*Every male person* being twenty-one years of age," &c.

When the first action, involving the right of the master, came before the Supreme Judicial Court after the establishment of the Constitution, the judges declared that by virtue of the first article of the declaration of rights, "Slavery in this State was no more."

From the adoption of the Constitution of Massachusetts to the ratification of the Federal Constitution the laws respecting Slavery in this State were, to all intents and purposes, the same with the law of England, as settled in Sommersett's case in 1772.

The facts above stated lead us to conclude that Mr. Henshaw was in error in his statement, and that human slavery was abolished in the State of Massachusetts by *design* and not by *accident*.

H.

From the Evening Post.

MR. BENTON AND THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

It is almost out of fashion to publish speeches in the newspapers, so entirely is the public engrossed with despatches and letters from our army in Mexico. Mr. Benton's speech, made at St. Louis on the 13th inst., which we have transcribed into this sheet will, however, we are confident, command quite as much attention as a despatch from one of our Generals. In fact, it relates to a warfare no less important than that which we are waging with our sister republic, a warfare of opinion, commenced with more than usual animosity, and tending to political results which it is impossible to foresee.

We particularly commend to the attention of our readers the views taken by Mr. Benton of the annexation of Texas, in that precipitate manner which has made it so expensive a purchase. Mr. Benton was also in favour of the annexation of Texas, but he desired it without the risk of a war, and the still worse effect of awakening bitter animosities between different quarters of the Union. If the wise counsels which he gave at that time had been followed; if the impatience of certain politicians to add Texas to the Union, could have been quieted for a few months, Texas would have been ours without either of these consequences. That the war with Mexico would have been avoided, is so clear a point, that no man has yet been found to deny it. If the war had been avoided, the angry dispute between the North and the South, which threatens to become yet more fierce, concerning the institutions of the territory which will become ours as the only indemnity Mexico can render us, could not have arisen.

We look back with satisfaction to the part which we, and those with whom we then acted, took in favour of the cool and wise counsels which showed a certain way of avoiding all this mischief. If these had been followed, public opinion, although then in a feverish and unsettled state, would readily have acquiesced. It was in fact, prepared to acquiesce at the very moment when the fanatical rashness of Tyler's administration, profiting by the discretion which, unwisely in our opinion, Congress had allowed, took the most objectionable method of consummating the annexation, and adopted at once the war of Texas with Mexico. In his manly and vigourous exposure of these circumstances, Mr. Benton speaks what we have no doubt will be the final judgment of history.

We are glad to find Mr. Benton speaking in terms that become a man of liberal and enlightened views, concerning that new political creed to which we have been required to subscribe, that there shall be no limitation of Slavery hereafter in any of the territories of the Union; that test which, as he truly observes, "no Northern man could stand at home," which cuts off from all share in the administration of the Government every man who lives north of Mason and Dixon's line, and builds up a party on a geographical basis, and looks to a separation of the Union unless that party should prevail. We had hoped that, on a ground so narrow and exclusive, on a principle of such audacious intolerance, no party would be formed; and the example of Mr. Benton, boldly and warmly denouncing it before a popular audience in a slaveholding State, encourages us to believe that its friends are less numerous than they would have us imagine.

From the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

We are glad to be able to lay the following letter and accompanying minute, before our readers. The letters of Fairbanks and Wade, referred to below, were published in the Bugle in October, last.—J.

LETTER FROM SCOTLAND.

"Edinburgh Ladies Emancipation' Society," 5, Gray St. Edinburgh, Scotland.

2d Month 27, 1847.

DEAR FRIEND, ISAAC M. WADE: We have read with deep interest a letter of thine copied into the "National Anti-Slavery Standard," of September 29th, 1846, accompanying one thou hadst received from Calvin Fairbanks, the prisoner. Most sincerely do we sympathize with him in his captivity, and most gladly would we do what might be in our power for its alleviation. I enclose a minute passed at one of our recent meetings, which might show to him that our hearts are with him, although the wide Atlantic separates us very far from the scene of his sufferings. If this minute could be handed to him, we should be very glad thus to communicate with him; and if thou art writing to him, will thou tell him that many friends of the slave in Britain are thinking of him with interest, and feeling grateful that he has been enabled so nobly to suffer in the cause of his brethren and sisters in bonds, and in the cause of Him who has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto *me*." This must comfort him in his trials and privations, and his lengthened exclusion from social privileges. But there are some of us, who, having seen the mysterious workings of an all-wise Providence, are not without hopes, that ere the term of fifteen years shall have elapsed, Liberty may be proclaimed, not only to him, but also to his brethren and sisters in Slavery. For where the extremity of his creatures is the greatest, *there* is the opportunity of the Almighty; and He can overrule for good the present bitter graspings of the slaveholders for their power, and the short-comings of the churches and Constitution of America.

We are watching the progress of the Mexican war, and we cannot but feel that if there are degrees in the sinfulness of war, *this is superlatively sinful*—being waged for the extension of the area of Slavery, and of the slaveholding power.

There are meanwhile crying evils—but we may still behold the Providence which "from seeming evil still adduces good." This is especially manifest in the spirit that has been raised up to contend with the Slavery power that has appeared among us in our so-called *Free* Church of Scotland. You in America must deeply feel the inconsistency of the *title* with the *actions* of this Church; and also that of the late Evangelical Alliance. But we are thankful to believe that there are among us many noble Christians, who have not bowed before this insidious influence; and in the Free Church itself, a noble band has arisen to vindicate their Christianity, to repudiate the conduct and arguments of the leaders of their Church, and to work for the relinquishment of the foul communion with slaveholders and the returning of their polluted gold.

I have written more than was at first intended, but I trust it is unnecessary to offer any apology, knowing that thy heart is really "bound with those in bonds," and that thou wilt be willing to accept the sympathy of those, who, though far distant, remember them also "as bound with them."

We should highly esteem any information thou mightest incline to communicate to us respecting thy friend, Calvin Fairbanks, and our three millions of brethren and sisters in bonds in your *free* country.

I shall here conclude, and in the sympathy of common interest in the cause of suffering humanity, subscribe myself, thy friend,

ELIZA WIGHAM.

Secretary to the Edinburgh Ladies' Emancipation Society.

MINUTE

Of the Edinburgh Ladies' Emancipation Society—passed at a meeting held on the 4th of February, 1847.

In watching with deep interest the progress of the abolition cause in America, our sympathies are from time to time called forth on behalf of those who suffer persecution for their labours of love towards their brethren in bonds; such a case has now come before our notice in the trying circumstances of Calvin Fairbanks, under sentence of fifteen years imprisonment in the prison house of Kentucky, for aiding the escape from bondage of three slaves, (husband, wife and child.) We sympathize deeply with this sufferer in the cause of humanity, and with his bereaved parents; but while we mourn that the spring-time of his life should be spent within the gloomy precincts of a prison, we earnestly desire that neither suffering or oppression may ever induce him to prove false to the dictates of his heart, and to the cause of his brethren and sisters in still deeper bondage than his own, and in so doing forfeit that "peace of mind which passeth understanding," which may be the joyful portion of even the tenant of a prison, whose hopes are fixed beyond this world and its awards, whose "praise is not of men but of God;" and could we penetrate within his prison walls, we would remind him of the promise—"Be thou faithful until death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

We also feel compelled afresh to reiterate our abhorrence of the system which produces such fruits, of the laws by which it is sustained, and of the arguments which attempt to vindicate and uphold it.

(Signed) ELIZA WIGHAM,
Secretary.

EFFECTS OF NEGRO EMANCIPATION.—The slaves constituted formerly the wealth of the planters; now, as free and remunerated labourers, they are the soul of our island commerce, and, as such, are the wealth of the merchants. Let us look back at the commercial revolution which has taken place in Trinidad since the dawn of freedom. The signs of comparative wealth among the labouring people everywhere appear. The great change in their condition has greatly stimulated trade of every discription. Mechanics of every class have increased a hundred fold among the lower order of society; these are rapidly rising in respectability and wealth, and promise at no very distant day to act an important part in the internal trade and affairs of the colony. In consequence of the possession of money by the people, our island imports have increased to a most surprising extent, in the course of a few years. —*Trinidad Spectator.*

From the Independent Democrat.

AMERICAN SLAVERY, THE PARAMOUNT QUESTION.

We are of those who regard the question of American Slavery as *the* great question of the present generation; with which are bound up the destinies of our country and our race. As such it demands the earnest and prayerful consideration of every true patriot and friend of man. To us, to the men of this age, is the issue committed. By this generation must it be decided. It can neither be dodged nor postponed. We must meet it, or it will meet us when we are little prepared for the trial. Slavery or freedom must triumph; and that soon. Unless justice is a phantom, and all history a lie, they cannot live and flourish in the same land together. Nor can the arm of judgment and vengeance be withheld from smiting that nation, the cries of whose poor and oppressed go up continually to Heaven for redress. Experience and revelation alike proclaim that oppression and Slavery are the certain precursors of national calamities and national ruin.

It is a remarkable fact, full of fearful warning to us, that all the ancient republics were destroyed by domestic Slavery. Such were the Grecian Republics—such was Rome. Shall ours share a like fate, from a like cause? Guilty are we, of oppression far more galling than any which called the judgment of God upon those States. More slaves has this nation, Christian though we claim to be, than ever had Rome, when the cup of her abominations was fullest. Who shall stand between our nation and that Power which smote former Republics for less grievous sins? Who can think of the crimes and oppressions, which have now accumulated upon this land, and not "tremble for his country when he reflects that God is just, and that his justice will not sleep forever?" For ourselves, we are sick as we think how fearfully we have departed from our fathers, and the God of our fathers. As we repeat to ourselves that sublimest of all human declarations: "all men are created free and equal," and remember that to sustain this declaration, was all the blood of the Revolution shed—as we see, in our mind's eye, the authors and signers of this sentiment pledging their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour to its success, our soul dies within us; and we feel that "He who ruleth in the armies of Heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth," cannot but visit in terrible judgment a people thus fearfully false to human rights.

Others may see bright skies and fair weather ahead. To them the spectacle of three millions of men, women and children, bound down in worse than heathen darkness and oppression, may tell of nothing but national prosperity. For them it may be a small thing that every year adds a hundred thousand to the number of a whole race, from whom a Christian and Republican nation has torn the soul, and barred all the gates of knowledge and eternal life. To us it is not a small thing. In the sight of God and eternal justice, it is not a small thing. In the eyes of good men and angels, it is a spectacle of gigantic wickedness and wrong, without parallel in the annals of national crime. We care not who, nor what are the men who defend and apologize for American Slavery. It has no justification, which cannot be pleaded for the blackest and bloodiest crimes that ever darkened the fair creation of God. And few and far between are the men whose hands and souls are clean of its fearful guilt. As a nation, and as citizens we are steeped in the sin of robbing, stealing, and more than murdering millions, for whom this green earth was rounded into being—for whose salvation a common Saviour died.

It is idle and vain for us at the North to attempt to hide our heads, like the ostrich, from a contemplation of the cloud that must be scattered, or ere long break with terrible fury upon our whole land. It is false to say that *we* are not involved in the guilt of American Slavery. If there is gradation in the criminality, we are not sure but the people of the North, are guiltier than the South. With more light, and fewer inducements to wrong, ours have been the sinews to bind more closely the bands of Slavery. Without the aid of Northern votes and Northern arms, the South could not have maintained the accursed institution till this day. With the aid of the North, it has grown and spread till its shadow darkens our whole country. Will we permit and assist it to go on enlarging its borders, till avenging justice shall involve it and our nation in a common ruin? Well nigh already, have we put the staff of resistance out of our hands. Another step yielded, and neither our liberties nor our country can be saved.

How fearfully mighty, then, is the responsibility of Northern men? With what solemn power do the voices of our fathers come up from the tombs, entreating their sons to be not false to the principles for which *they* died? With what agonizing hopes and fears do the oppressed in all lands reach out their hands to us? And the future, with its countless millions—how does *it* also call on the men of this day to be true to liberty, justice, humanity, and God? Heaven grant that to neither the past, present, nor future, may the men of this age be false. Thus shall our country be, in deed, what it is in name, free. Thus shall the American people quench that fearful volcano which threatens at no distant day to cover the land with fire and ashes and smoke—ministers of vengeance upon unrepented transgression.

LIBERATION OF SLAVES.—From the Red River Republican of the 17th ult. we copy the following:

A case involving the freedom of six negroes, a woman and five children, came up before the District Court of this parish on Wednesday last.

It is only in a case of this nature that a slave can be a party to a suit in our Court, and considerable interest was felt in it. Though slaveholders, our citizens are as adverse to holding in bondage any one legally entitled to freedom as would be the veriest Abolitionist in the North, and hence the most summary justice was administered in the case.

It was the first case tried, and the evidence, which was taken mainly with a view to enable the holder of the negroes to indemnify himself against their vender, being clearly in their favour, was submitted to the jury without argument, who at once gave them a verdict.

The woman and her children were in 1807 slaves in Kentucky, from which State they were taken to the territory of Indiana, where they were indentured to serve twenty years, the laws of the territory prohibiting Slavery for a longer period.

Subsequently they were sold, and their new owner brought them to Mississippi, and again sold them as slaves for life to the father of the present, or, more properly late owner here.

One of the family (a boy) was left behind in Kentucky, and sued for and recovered his freedom some years ago, since which time he has been running as a steward on a boat.

Not long since, while at our landing, he fell into conversation with a boy belonging here, whom he soon discovered to be his brother. He informed him of the fact of the family being free, and at once took the steps that have eventuated in establishing it. One or two highly respectable citizens from Indiana were here as witnesses in the case.—*Tribune.*

From the (Jersey, Eng.) Christian Penny Record.

THE DIVISION IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, REGARDING SLAVERY.

SIR:—I am much pleased at finding a spirit of inquiry respecting the true position of the Methodis Episcopal Church, with reference to American Slavery; and I cheerfully accept your invitation to answer the query of "J. W." which appeared in your last number.

A division *has* taken place in the Methodist Episcopal Church upon this question; but how far *principle* or *the sin of Slavery* was concerned in the matter, we shall presently see. At the last General Conference, the case of Bishop Andrew was considered. He had married a southern lady, the owner of slaves, and the laity in some parts of the North being in some degree Garrisonized, cried out against him as a man-stealer. This "pressure from without" caused the Northern Ministers to request the Bishop to cease to be a man-stealer, but he refused. After a long discussion in General Conference, the conclusion come to was, that it is *inexpedient* for Bishop Andrew to remain a slaveholder, and that he is hereby requested to get rid of his *impediment*, since it stands in the way of his usefulness in the Northern or free States. We perceive that the sin of Slavery was not the question which occupied the attention of the Conference. No! It was only *inexpedient* for a Bishop to be a man-stealer! Why was he requested to get rid of his *impediment?* Was it because that Slavery was a sin against God and man? No! But because they—the Conference—hireling-like, feared the people.—But Bishop Andrew was allowed to continue a Bishop,—his name to remain as before in the discipline-book,—and he was permitted to select his own work, and to be paid as a Bishop out of the general funds of the Church! The mere *request*, however, that he should get rid of his "impediment," so aroused the Southern Ministers, that they, like men who live up to their profession, indignantly withdrew from the Northern branch of the Church. Thus we perceive, as far as the North is concerned, that no separation as *regards principle*, has taken place. The man-stealers have actually expelled the Northren Conference, because they questioned the right of a Bishop to be a slaveholder! At this moment the supposed Anti-Slavery Northern Church has in its communion four thousand man-stealers, and twenty-seven thousand slaves! How is it, then, that Methodist preachers can attempt to blindfold the people? Ah! the love of sect,—the Jesuitical extension of our borders,—the desire to be a great Church in the eyes of the world,—these, alas! have as much to do with Methodism now, as the salvation of souls once had. Ichabod, Ichabod!

But has a virtual separation really taken place? The following extract from the proceedings of the Southern Conference, at its late meeting, is all that need be said on the subject:

"Bishop Soule requested the members to tarry a few minutes. Dr. Winans then read an expression of his feelings, and those of many of his brethren, who had passed through the boundaries of a portion of the Northern Church, for the very kind and affectionate treatment they had received from their Northern brethren on their way to this city. He expressed a hope that, although a separation had taken place, whenever a Southern brother, in the providence of God, should be called to visit a Northern city, or a place where there was a Methodist pulpit, that he might find it open to his ministry; and assured the Northern brethren that the like Christain courtesy should always be extended to them."

This document was unanimously adopted, and ordered to be signed by a Committee of the Conference. I need only add, that not twelve months ago, one of the very largest Northern Conferences (the Baltimore) in a slave State, passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, That this Conference disclaims having any fellowship with abolitionism. On the contrary, while it is determined to maintain its well-known and long-established position, by keeping the travelling preachers composing its own body free from slavery, it is also determined not to hold connection with any ecclesiastical body that shall make non-slaveholding a condition of membership in the Church, but to stand by and maintain the discipline as it is."

Travelling preachers *alone* are to be free from man-stealing, actually, but prayer-leaders, class-leaders, local preachers, and members, may buy, sell, and whip men, women, and children; and Hope H. Slatter, the notorious negro-trading Methodist of Baltimore, may come up to the table of the Lord unrebuked! The Rhode Island Conference (a free State) echoed the Baltimore Conference resolution, as follows:

"Resolved, by the Providence Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Conference assembled, That while we regret certain allusions in the resolutions of the Baltimore Conference, we nevertheless consider the position assumed by that body in relation to Slavery, especially as defined in its pastoral address, as exceedingly judicious, and the best for the Church and the slave, under existing circumstances."

So much for the boasted separation between the Northern and Southern Methodist churches!

I am sir, your most obedient servant,
W. SHORTT.

Dublin, April 12, 1847.

P.S.—I understand that Bishop Hedding is the Bishop that has control over the Rev. James Caughey's Conference, to which he is about to return. He (Bishop Hedding) says, the right to hold a slave is found on this rule—"Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets."

FROM OUR TRAVELLING CORRESPONDENT.

We make here another extract from the Pinto Letters of the Mirror. Our readers will remember that these letters are a burlesque upon those usually written by Americans abroad to newspapers in this country:

PARIS, May 4, 1847.
Rue Vivienne, No. 29.

MY DEAR F.—You see by the date of my letter that I am in Paris, and I suppose, that you will wonder at my leaving my noble friends in London, who made so much of me. But, the truth is, England is no longer a proper place for an American to live in who wishes to preserve his self-respect. I have left it forever, and while I remain in Europe shall reside in France, where they have not yet been guilty of insulting my country by abolishing the "Peculiar Institution," which, you know, is regarded as the foundation of our Liberty. There has been a "negro imposter," in London.—I don't mean any of the sham darkies who sing Virginia melodies, but a real black man, named Douglass, who pretends to be a philanthropist and an orator. But, of course he is neither, for things would come to a pretty pass if black fellows were allowed to pass themselves off as philanthropists. This fellow has been in the habit of calling large meetings of respectable white people together, and telling them the most absurd stories about my countrymen, and pretending that he had been nothing but a chattel, and these people who don't seem to know the difference between a darkey and a free citizen of our country, go on in the most absurd manner about him, and pretend to believe all he says. As I have a real regard for the coloured race, and have done all I could to have the freed negroes shipped off to the coast of Africa, where I am sure they all ought to go, because they might be instrumental in converting their brethren to Christianity, for it is well known that they make excellent missionaries, from the fact, that their desire to study the scriptures is so strong, that it has been found necessary to pass laws forbidding anybody teaching them to read, lest they should spend all their time in poring over polemical writings;—as I have a real regard for them, which is more than any of these fanatics can say, I called upon this fellow when I heard that he was delivering lectures about the land of his birth, and said to him:

"I tell you how it is old fellow, I have heard of your slanders about the glorious institutions of my country, and I will advise you for the future to keep dark."

"I shall;" said he.

"Very well," said I, "if you do I will speak a good word for you to some of my friends, and I may get you a good place as a *valet*.

"Yes," said he, "I shall keep dark, for so God has chosen to make me. And I bless his holy name, that though he has given me a dark skin, he has not withheld light from my mind; and I bless Him and praise Him that he has not given me a darkened mind and a white skin."

Such insolence as this, of course I could not put up with, so I was going to chastise him with my cane, when he had the audacity to take hold of my arm and threaten to put me out of the room if I raised my hand to him. As this happened at the London Tavern, in the presence of several people—(I will not say gentlemen and ladies, for they cannot lay any claim to the character of such, after refusing to assist me to punish the fellow) whom I knew, I immediately left with feelings of the strongest disgust, and afterwards finding that the fellow was countenanced, I entered a protest at the Home Office against the insult put upon my country, demanded my passports and left directly for Paris.—The truth is, the English have no idea about true liberty. The manner in which they tolerate blacks, is really distressing to an enlightened mind; and the pretended philanthropy in freeing their slaves, is well understood by men of the world. When I embarked at Dover, I shook the dust from my feet, or, to speak more correctly, I scraped the chalk from my boots.

Paris is quite delightful. There is one drawback here, however. The most fashionable place of public amusement is the Theatre de Montpensier, which was built by Alexandre Dumas, and as that noted person has African blood in his veins, of course I cannot patronize it, and I am debarred from visiting a place which all the world is rushing to. But I shall remain true to my principles, for I think that every man is bound to sacrifice his personal convenience to the honour of his country, as Captain Slidell Mackenzie said, when he hung a midshipman and two sailors on board the Somers without the ceremony of a trial. * * * * * *

From the Watchman of the Valley.

CINCINNATI HIGH SCHOOL.

Some of our readers may think this an arrogant title for a school of coloured youth to assume. So it struck us at first; but since witnessing the proficiency of its scholars we are satisfied that the title is well merited. Their performances on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of last week, were of a character, we do not hesitate to say, well calculated to raise the standard of education among us. We have witnessed many school exhibitions, in our younger days, and taken part in them, either as pupil or teacher; but we are constrained to confess that in the article of fine speaking, this excelled them all. This fact is alike creditable to the talents and faithfulness of the teachers, and the natural capacity of our coloured population.

The singing, accompanied with the piano—all executed by the scholars themselves, in which the whole school appeared to participate—surpassed even the speaking.

That we are not alone in our estimate of these performances may be inferred from the fact, that there were about one thousand in attendance the first evening, and a still larger number the second, (assembled even in the face of a gathering thunderstorm,) although a fee for admission was required on both evenings.

This school was instituted, and is superintended by Mr. Hiram S. Gilmore, who has generously devoted to it his enterprise and his wealth. It commenced with about 20 pupils, and has since increased to near 200. The report of the year ending March 22, 1847, returns 160 for the first quarter, 152 for the second, 177 for the third and 195 for the fourth. From one-fourth to one-third of this number have the expenses of their tuition defrayed by charity.—The donations to the Beneficiancy department for this purpose, the year past, have been $683 40.—Amount of tuition paid by the pupils themselves, $1,196 89, making the aggregate receipts of the school for the year 1,880 29. Expenditures for the same time $1,854 05. The services of the Principal are rendered without compensation.

Mr. Gilmore, it would seem, has spared no pains, to give his school the best educational privileges within his reach. The school is becoming more and more appreciated by the coloured people, as its rapid increase indicates, and it is in contemplation to enlarge its sphere of usefulness, by establishing Primary schools in connection with it, in different parts of the city.

Mr. Gilmore and his associates have richly merited the gratitude of the public for filling a department in this service where their labours are most needed. They have taken under their care those whom legislative neglect had exposed to ignorance and vice, and who might otherwise, in consequence of this neglect, have been nuisances in society, and are raising them to the condition of intelligent, virtuous, and useful citizens. That a man engaged in such a service should be denied the use of this city for his exhibitions, is a fact in the history of the times which posterity will be slow to believe.

From the New-York Mirror.

SLAVERY AND THE PRESIDENCY.

The *Express* of this morning has a very sensible leader on the opposition made by a certain part of the political press of the North to a slaveholding candidate for the Presidency. On this subject there cannot be two opinions. The opposition of the Northern States to a candidate for a national office on the ground of his being a slaveholder is nothing short of an opposition to the Union; and if that should ever be the acknowledged policy of either of the two great parties into which the nation is divided, dissolution must follow as a matter of necessity, or else the South must emancipate their slaves. It has been the custom with nominating committees to split the difference between the North and the South, and when a candidate for the Presidency is taken from the slave States to select a candidate for the Vice-Presidency from the free States. But this is conceding too much to sectional prejudices; in the selection of national officers there should be no acknowledgment of North or South or East or West, but the best man of either party should be selected without any regard being paid to local laws. The Constitution is a slaveholding warrant to any member of the Confederacy that chooses to hold slaves, and those who oppose the election of slaveholders to national offices, should, for consistency's sake first oppose the Constitution and the Union. The Express well says:

"Equally unwise, unjust and dangerous will it be, if ever the North and West refuse to vote for a candidate for the Presidency, *solely* upon the ground that he is a slaveholder. The Union would not long be adhered to by the Southern States, if every slaveholder in it were to be excluded from its highest honours, *because* he was a slaveholder.

"We cannot too often remember that this Government is a compact, founded upon a concession as to the subject of Slavery, in the Congressional representation, in the surrender of fugitive slaves, in the Ordinance of 1787 for the government of the Northwestern Territory, and in repeated acts of Congress, as well as in the numerous judicial decisions. We can never get over these compromises and concessions, and, acting in good faith, we ought not to try.'

From the London Inquirer.

LETTER FROM JAMES HAUGHTON.

DEAR SIR:—It has fallen to my lot for some years past, to be a good deal engaged in controversy with some of the professed friends of freedom, but real supporters of Slavery. I do not maintain that my opponents are all willfully engaged in the sustainment of that greatest of all iniquities; but I do most honestly hold the opinion, that each and all of them have, consciously or unconsciously, struck their blow against the rights of humanity, and acted in such a way as to ensure the warm approval of the man-stealer, wherever he may be found. That they have secured the friendly regards of the American man-stealer, in an especial manner. There can be no middle course taken with regard to this great question of human rights. The man who is not for us, absolutely and heartily for us, is against us. The question will admit of no half-measures, we are either the sustainers of Slavery, or its uncompromising opponents. The slaveholder is either a good man, and a worthy citizen, whose actions are sanctioned by the laws of morality and virtue, or he is a man guilty of the "greatest possible robbery, and the greatest possible wrong," and, as such, worthy only the excration of all honest men. We must choose which side we will take. Our election must be made—for God and man, or against them.

The decided course I have adopted, and, through your kindness, made known to my Unitarian brethren in these lands, has excited the indignation of a few, and may, for aught I know, have given rise to milder feelings of disapprobation in the minds of a larger number of your readers.

It has, on the other hand, secured for me the approval of many whose judgment I respect, and with whom it is to me a source of heartfelt pleasure, to find myself associated in such a labour of love.

It seems to me that I have now some evidence to lay before your readers, painfully illustrative of the truth of my position, and such as I hope will tend to open the eyes of my opponents, and convince them that they, too, must adopt a decided course of action, if they would render any effective assistance to the abolition of Slavery.

I have on one occasion felt it to be my duty to animadvert in strong terms on the conduct of Dr. Dewey, an eminent Unitarian minister in the United States of America, for which course I was censured by some. The following extract, which I have cut from the *Liberator* of the 26th February last, a paper published in Boston, and whose proprietor (William Lloyd Garrison) is well known, and highly esteemed by many in Great Britain and Ireland, will serve to show whether the estimate I have formed of that man's character is correct or not. Whether I am wrong in pronouncing him a pro-slavery man, in spite of all his pretensions, *while in England*, to a contrary character:

REV. DR. DEWEY AT WASHINGTON.

[*Washington Correspondent of the Chronotype.*]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 13.

Last Sabbath evening, I heard Dr. Dewey, who is preaching here for the Unitarian Church. His discourse was an answer to the question—*What is Christianity?* In the course of his sermon, he took occasion to say, that in the teachings of Christ, we find nothing of *abolitionism or teetotalism!* Though I have spent considerable time in this city during the last three years, and heard nearly every preacher of all denominations here, this is the first thrust at abolitionism that I ever heard from a Washington pulpit. On the contrary, Rev. Mr. Sprole, of the Presbyterian Church, and at present chaplain of the House of Representatives,—and others whom I could mention, regularly pray for the downfall of Slavery, and say quite as much against it as the majority of the clergymen of New England. If you can conceive of anything more pitiable, and contemptible, than a Northern preacher, a native of the old Bay State, creeping "down south" on all fours, and offering up his narrow, dried-up soul on the altar of Slavery, you can do something that I am incapable of. Rev. Mr. Dorrance, of the Baptist Church, recently left this city for Boston. A friend of mine wished to place in his charge a mother and her two children—who had been rescued from the clutches of the slave-trader here by the payment of money—to go to their husband and father in Boston. He at first consented, but for prudential reasons, afterwards declined. Pass along his name. At the same time a pastor of one of the churches here would have gone through with them to Boston on purpose, if it had been found necessary. So much for the difference between *some* Northern men, and Southern men, who are born with souls.

WACHUSETT.

I have also had occasion to condemn the double-dealing of the Unitarians in America, in relation to the rights of their coloured brethren—of men who, while at this side the Atlantic, professed themselves decided emancipationists, but who, in their own country, have been always found in the pro-slavery ranks.

Not very long since, the feelings of the Unitarians of these countries were keenly awakened on this subject, and a large number of our ministers forwarded to their brethren in America, a friendly and affectionate remonstrance in relation to their duties as Christian teachers, in regard to this matter.—This remonstrance was responded to in an apparently kindred spirit. A friendly reply, drawn up in forcible and beautiful language, was returned to this address, which reply received the signature of one hundred and seventy Unitarian ministers. But I have recently learned with deep regret, from the number of the *Liberator* above referred to, that the act was, on the part of many who signed that document, a deed of shameful hypocrisy; intended, no doubt, to conciliate our esteem for Unitarians in the United States, but never meant to be of any binding force on their consciences, whenever their duty as Christians came in contact with the diabolical spirit of hatred of the coloured man, which, in the United States, blasts all feeling of human brotherhood.

I give you the second extract from the *Liberator*,

which so painfully confirms all my apprehensions of the unfaithfulness of the Unitarian body in America, and which seems to me to call for the most decided action in condemnation of such conduct, on the part of our ministers in these lands—I hope some of them will again take this matter in hand; that they will cause due inquiry to be made, and, if the facts be as these extracts state, that another remonstrance will be sent across the waters, declaring that we can hold no fellowship with slaveholders. Any church that will do so is not a Christian Church. The sooner we get rid of any such contamination, the better.

I am aware that Unitarian congregations are independent of external control; that no society is amenable to their brethren in the way of church discipline, or control of any kind, and that our individual members enjoy the same happy immunity from officious interference; but this freedom of action does not shield either congregations or individuals from just censure for immoral conduct, or for conduct in opposition to their own acknowledged professions and principles of action. Slaveholding or abetting slaveholders is immoral, and it is one of those crimes which must excite our sternest condemnation, if we would do our duty to man, or escape the just judgments of heaven for culpable neglect. As Christians we are bound to protest against such wickedness.

THE UNITARIANS.

Mr. Garrison:—I was astonished, the other day, to hear that the Vice-President of the American Unitarian Association was John Whitridge, of Charleston, South Carolina, *the owner of one hundred and twenty slaves!*—a man who once, in New England, committed the indecency of walking out of church, because the preacher, in a temperate manner, was arguing the sin of slaveholding. This, then, it seems, is all that the famous protest of Unitarian clergymen is worth, that their first act shall be, not only to recognize slaveholders as good Christian brethren, but actually to put one of them in one of the highest offices of their body! What did those one hundred and seventy clergymen mean by their solemn pledge? 'Tis an idle question, though. We know well what nineteen-twentieths of them meant, and knew it at the time. They meant *nothing*. You would have said, at the time, and many are the harsh names you would have been called for saying so, that it was an act which they would never have performed of themselves,—an act which they never meant should be followed by any result,—one which they were driven up to by the pressure of public opinion, and the earnest efforts of a few true and noble men among them. I do not know but that Putnam and his Boston brethren, who refused utterly to have anything to do with it, are not more to be respected for their consistency, than those half-faced men who first pledge themselves to use all their influence against Slavery, and then, as the very next act they do, choose a slaveholder for their Vice-President.

But those few true men, that did mean something by that protest—Stetson, Channing, Clarke, Parker, the Mays, Stone, Furness, Weiss, Tilden, &c.—where are they in this matter? It seems to me if I had been one of them, I should have felt bound, for very consistency's sake, to shake the dust of such an association from my feet, and come out from them forever. They—some of them at least—acknowledge no political union with slaveholders. Can they consistently have a religious union with them? Those whom they will not acknowledge as rulers in temporal things, shall they fellowship them in spiritual? *They* have pledged themselves to act. Can they strike a blow so effectual at the pro slavery spirit which is so rife in the Unitarian body, as to *come out* from it, though they be a handful, and form a new association, if need be, whose motto shall be, "No Union with slaveholders,"—whose creed shall only be, love to God, and love to man? The children of darkness are wiser in their generation than the children of light. If they stay in the corrupt, old body, they will as surely continue to be overreached, as the North is sure to be overreached by the South in political affairs. If they come out, and leave the evil spirit to support itself, it will fall by its own weakness. So thinks a by-stander, who can sometimes judge of a game better than the players themselves. A.

I have yet another charge to bring against the Unitarians in America.

So long since as February, 1846, the Irish Unitarian Society sent out an address to their brethren in America, on the subject of Slavery. That address was received, and a committee composed of several ministers, and I suppose some laymen, appointed to reply to it. That duty has never been performed; the reply has never been sent; and I have just learned from a sure source, that the matter is likely to be dropped; and this is the second occasion on which such discourtesy has been practised towards us by men in America, who profess to hold the same faith with ourselves. The truth is—the demon Slavery is so powerful in that land of stripes and chains, that our denomination shares in the common disgrace which attaches to the American churches, and which can only be blotted out by the operation of a more powerful public opinion, loudly expre sed, in favour of freedom.

Let not the Unitarians of these lands be backward in the full expression of their feelings of abhorrence of Slavery. If we hold our peace we shall, indeed, be "verily guilty against our brother," and our efforts to promote pure Christianity on earth will fail, not because our principles are untrue, but because we are false in their maintenance.

May this accusation never justly attach to our body. Yours, my dear Sir, faithfully,

JAMES HAUGHTON.

35 Eccles street, Dublin, 23d March, 1847.

P. S. In a letter which I received this day from a lady in Boston, there is the following sentence, which will be interesting to you.

"Several of our ministers (Unitarian ones I mean) are the editors of small religious periodicals. You will not be surprised to learn that such of them as are pro-slavery, quote the writings of "Amicus," from the London Inquirer, as if they were the characteristic sentiments of its columns, and expressed the sentiments of the paper. Persons who never see the Inquirer, suppose, therefore, that it is hostile to Anti-Slavery principles. Who is Amicus? he seems to be almost, if not completely Americanized."

And Rev. Samuel May writes me, "I have rejoiced to witness the frank and bold stand, as to American Slavery, its aiders and abettors, which the "Inquirer" has taken. But our American Unitarian papers will not publish its Anti-Slavery articles. I have, time after time requested the editor of the '*Christian World*' to do so."

The difficulties of grappling with, and overthrowing, this monster, against which we are contending, are great indeed, but this is only an additional reason for faithfulness and firmness in the good cause.

J. H.

The following Report of a trial for murder though of considerable length, we give in full. It will be remembered that a slave in Charleston, (S. C.) killed another in inflicting punishment by order of his mistress. The actual murderer was acquitted on the ground that he was not responsible for the consequences of an obedience to orders. The result of the trial of the mistress is another proof of the assertion of Judge Stroud, that the right to life in a slave is not protected by the laws of the Southern States. We copy from the Charleston Courier:

THE TRIAL FOR MURDER.—Our community was deeply interested and excited, yesterday, by a case of great importance and also of entire novelty in our jurisprudence. It was the trial of a lady of respectable family and the mother of a large family charged with the murder of her own or her husband's slave. The Court-house was thronged with spectators of the exciting drama, who remained with unabated interest and in undiminished numbers, until the verdict was rendered acquitting the prisoner. We cannot but regard the fact of this trial as a salutary, although in itself lamentable occurrence, as it will show to the world that, however panoplied in station and wealth, and although challenging those sympathies which are the rights and inheritance of the female sex, no one will be suffered, in this community, to escape the most sifting scrutiny, at the risk of even an ignominious death, who stands charged with suspicion of murdering a slave—to whose life our laws now extend the ægis of protection in the same manner as it does to that of the white man, save only in the character of the evidence necessary for conviction or defence. While evil disposed persons at home are thus taught that they may expect rigorous trial and condign punishment, when, actuated by malignant passions, they invade the life of the humble slave, the enemies of our domestic institution abroad will find, their calumnies the contrary notwithstanding, that we are resolved, in this particular, to do the full measure of our duty to the laws of humanity.

We subjoin a report of the case.

Trial for the Murder of a Slave—State vs. Eliza Rowand.—Spring Term, May 5th, 1847.—Tried before his Honour Judge O'Neall.—The prisoner was brought to the Bar and arraigned, attended by her husband and mother, and humanely supported, during the trying scene, by the Sheriff, J. B. IRVING, Esq. On her arraignment she pleaded "Not Guilty," and, for her trial, placed herself upon "God and her country." After challenging Jno. M. Deas, James Bancroft, K. F. Harbers, C. J. Beckman, E. R. Cowperthwaite, Parker J. Holland, Moses D. Hyams, Thomas Glaze, Jno. Lawrence, B. Archer, J. S. Addison, B. P. Colburn, B. M. Jenkins, Carl Housman, Geo. Jackson, and Joseph Coppenberg, the prisoner accepted the subjoined pannel, who were duly sworn and charged with the case.

1. John L. Nowell, Foreman. 2. Elias Whilden. 3. Jesse Coward. 4. Effingham Wagner. 5. Wm. Whaley 6. James Culbert. 7. R. L. Baker. 8 S. Wiley. 9 W. S. Chisolm. 10, T. M. Howard. 11. John Bickly. 12. John Y. Stock.

The following is the indictment on which the prisoner was arraigned for trial:

The State vs. Eliza Rowand—Indictment for murder of a slave.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, } to wit.
CHARLESTON DISTRICT. }

At a Court of General Sessions, begun and holden in and for the district of Charleston, in the State of South Carolina, at Charleston, in the District, and State aforesaid, on Monday, the third day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven.

The Jurors of and for the District of Charleston aforesaid, in the State of South Carolina aforesaid, upon their oaths present, that Eliza Rowand, the wife of Robert Rowand, Esq. not having the fear of God before her eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the Devil, on the 6th day of January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven, with force and arms, at Charleston in the District of Charleston, and State aforesaid, in and upon a certain female slave of the said Robert Rowand, named Maria, in the peace of God, and of the said State, then and there being, feloniously, maliciously, wilfully, deliberately, and of her malice aforethought, did make an assault, and that a certain other slave of the said Robert Rowand, named Richard, then and there being then and there, in the presence, and by the command, of the said Eliza Rowand, with a certain piece of wood, which he the said Richard in both his hands then and there had and held, said Maria did beat and strike in and upon the head of her the said Maria, then and there giving to her, the said Maria, by such striking and beating as aforesaid, with the piece of wood aforesaid, divers mortal bruises on the top, back, and sides of the head, of her the said Maria, of which several mortal bruises she the said Maria then and there instantly died; and that the said Eliza Rowand was then and there present, and then and there feloniously, maliciously, wilfully, deliberately, and of her malace aforethought, did order, command, and require, the said slave named Richard the murder and felony aforesaid in manner and form aforesaid to do and commit. And as the Jurors aforesaid, upon their oaths aforesaid, do say that the said Eliza Rowand, her the said slave named Maria, in the manner, and by the means aforesaid, feloniously maliciously, wilfully, deliberately, and of her malice aforethought, did kill, and murder, against the form of the act of the General Assembly of the said State in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the same State aforesaid.

And the Jurors aforesaid, upon their oaths aforesaid, do further present, that the said Eliza Rowand, not having the fear of God before her eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the Devil, on the sixth day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven, with force and arms, at Charleston, in the District of Charleston, and State aforesaid, in and upon a certain other female slave of Robert Rowand, named Maria, in the peace of God, and of the said State, then and there being, feloniously, maliciously, wilfully, deliberately, and of her malice aforethought, did make an assault; and that the said Eliza Rowand, with a certain piece of wood, which she the said Eliza Rowand, in both her hands, then and there had and held, her the said last mentioned slave named Maria, did then and there strike, and beat, in and upon the head of her the said Maria, then and there giving to her, the said Maria, by such striking and beating aforesaid, with the piece of wood aforesaid, divers mortal bruises, on the top, back, and side of the head, of the said Maria, of which said several mortal bruises, she the said Maria then and there instantly died. And so the Jurors aforesaid upon their oaths aforesaid do say, that the said Eliza Rowand, her the said last mentioned slave named Maria, in the manner, and by the means, last mentioned, feloniously, maliciously, wilfully deliberately, and of her malice aforethought, did, kill and murder, against the form of the Act of the General Assembly of the said State in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the same State aforesaid.

H. BAILEY, Attorney General.

On motion of Mr. PETIGRU, the prisoner was allowed to remove from the bar, and take her place by her counsel, the Judge saying he granted the motion only because the prisoner was a woman, but that no such privilege would have been extended by him to any man.

The Attorney General, Henry Bailey, Esq. then rose and opened the case for the State, in substance as follows. He said that after months of anxiety and expectation, the curtain had at length risen, and he and the Jury were about to bear their part in the sad drama of real life, which had so long engrossed the public mind. He and they were called to the discharge of an important, painful, and solemn duty. They were to pass between the prisoner and the State—to take an inquisition of blood—on their decision hung the life or death—the honour or ignominy of the prisoner—yet he trusted he and they would have strength and ability to perform their duty faithfully; and whatever might be the result, their conscience would be consoled and quieted by that reflection. He bade the jury pause and reflect in the great sanctions and solemn responsibilities, under which they were acting. The Constitution of the State invested them with power over all that affected the life and was dear to the family of the unfortunate lady on trial before them—they were charged too with the sacred care of the law of the land; and to their solution was submitted one of the most solemn questions ever entrusted to the arbitrement of man. They should pursue a direct and straight forward course, turning neither to the right hand, nor the left—influenced neither by prejudice against the prisoner, nor by a morbid sensibility in her behalf.—Some of them might practically and personally be strangers to their present duty; but they were all familiar with the laws, and must be aware of the responsibilities of Jurymen. It was scarcely necessary to tell them that, if evidence fixed guilt on the prisoner, they should not hesitate to record a verdict of guilty, although they should write that verdict in tears of blood. They should let no sickly sentimentality or morbid feeling, on the subject of capital punishments, deter them from the discharge of their plain and obvious duty. They were to administer, not to make the law—they were called on to enforce the law by sanctioning the highest duty to God and their country. If any of them were disturbed with doubts or scruples on this point, he scarcely supposed they would have gone in to the jury box. The law had awarded capital punishment as the meet retribution for the crime under investigation—and they were sworn to administer that law. It had, too, the full sanction of Holy Writ—we were there told that "The land cannot be cleansed of the blood shed therein, except by the blood of him that shed it." He felt assured, then, that they would be swayed only by a firm resolve to act on this occasion, in obedience to the dictates of sound judgment and enlightened consciences. The prisoner, however, had claims on them, as well as the community—she was entitled to a fair and impartial trial. By the wise and humane principles of our law, they were bound to hold the prisoner *innocent*, and she stood *guiltless* before them, until proved guilty, by legal, competent, and satisfactory evidence. Deaf alike to the voice of sickly humanity and heated prejudice, they should proceed to their task, with minds perfectly equipoised and impartial; they should weigh the circumstances of the case with a nice and careful hand—and if by legal evidence—circumstantial and satisfactory, although not positive—guilt be established, they should unhesitatingly, fearlessly, and faithfully record the result of their convictions. He would next call their attention to certain legal distinctions, but would not say a word of the facts—he would leave *them* to the lips of the witnesses, unaffected by any previous comments of his own. The prisoner stood indicted for the murder of a slave. This was supposed not to be murder at Common Law. At least it was not murder by our former statute; but the act of 1821, had placed the killing of the white man and the black man on the same footing. He here read the act of 1821, declaring that "any person who shall wilfully, deliberately, and maliciously murder a slave, shall, on conviction thereof, suffer death without benefit of clergy." The rules applicable to murder at Common Law were generally applicable, however, to the present case. The inquiries to be made may be reduced to two: 1. Is the party charged guilty of the fact of killing? This must be clearly made out by proof. If she be not guilty of killing, there is an end of the case. 2d. The character of that killing, or of the offence? Was it done with malice aforethought; malice is the essential ingredient of the crime. Where killing takes place, malice is presumed unless the contrary appear; and this must be gathered from the attending circumstances. Malice is a technical term importing a different meaning from that conveyed by the same word in common parlance. According to the learned Michael Foster, it consists not in "malevolence to particulars;" it does not mean hatred to any particular individual, but is general in its import and application. But even killing with intention to kill is not always murder—there may be justifiable and excusable homicide—and killing in sudden heat and passion is so modified to manslaughter. Yet there may be murder, when there is no ill feeling—nay perfect indifference to the slain, as in the case of the robber who slays to conceal his crime. Malice aforethought is that depraved feeling of the heart which makes one regardless of social duty, and fatally bent on mischief. It is fulfilled by that recklessness of law and human life which is indicated by shooting into a crowd, and thus doing murder on even an unknown object. Such a feeling the law regards as hateful, and visits, in its practical exhibition, with condign punishment, because opposed to the very existence of law and society. One may do fatal mischief without this recklessness; but when the act is done, regardless of consequences, and death ensues, it is murder in the eye of the law. If the facts to be proved in this case should not come up to these requisitions, he implored the jury to acquit the accused, as at once due to law and justice. They should notice every fact with scrutinizing eye, and ascertain whether the fatal result proceeded from passing accident or from brooding revenge, which the law stamped with the odious name of malice. He would make no further preliminary remarks, but proceed at once to lay the facts before them from the mouths of the witnesses.

EVIDENCE.

J. Porteous Deveaux, sworn—He is the Coroner of the Charleston District—held the inquest on the 7th January last, on the body of the deceased slave *Maria*—the slave of Robert Rowand, at the residence of Mrs. T. C. Bee, (the mother of prisoner,) in Logan street. The body was in an outbuilding—a kitchen, it was the body of an old and emaciated person, between fifty and sixty years of age—it was not examined in his presence by physicians—saw some few scratches about the face—adjourned to the City Hall—Mrs. Rowand was examined—her examination was in writing—it was here produced and read as follows—

"Mrs. Eliza Rowand, sworn—says *Maria* is her nurse, and has misbehaved on yesterday morning—Deponent sent *Maria* to Mr. Rowand's house to be corrected by *Simon*—Deponent sent *Maria* from the house about 7 o'clock, A. M.—she returned to her about 9 o'clock—came into her chamber—*Simon* did not come into the chamber at any time previous to the death of *Maria*.—Deponent says *Maria* fell down in the chamber—Deponent had her seated up by *Richard*, who was then in the chamber, and Deponent gave *Maria* some assafœtida—Deponent then left the room; *Richard* came down and said *Maria* was dead—Deponent says *Richard* did not strike *Maria*, nor did any one else strike her in Deponent's chamber. *Richard* left the chamber immediately with Deponent—*Maria* was about fifty-two years of age—Deponent sent *Maria* by *Richard* to *Simon*, at Mr. Rowand's house to be corrected—Mr. Rowand was absent from the city—*Maria* died about 12 o'clock—*Richard* and *Maria* were on good terms—Deponent was in the chamber all the while that *Richard* and *Maria* were there together. "ELIZA ROWAND.

"Sworn to before me this 7th January, 1847. }
"J. P. DEVEAUX, Coroner, C. D." }

Witness went to the chamber of prisoner, where the death occurred, saw nothing particular—some pieces of wood in a box, set in the chimney—his attention was called to one piece in particular—18 inches long, 3 inches wide and about one and a half inches thick—did not measure it—the jury of inquest did—it was not a light wood—thinks it was of oak—there was some pine wood and some split oak—Dr. Peter Porcier was called to examine the body professionally, who did so out of witnesses' presence.

Before this witness left the stand, B. F. Hunt, Esq. one of the counsel for the prisoner, rose, and opened the defence before the jury in substance as follows:

He said that the scene before them was a very novel one, and whether for good or evil, he would not pretend to prophecy. It was the first time, in the history of this State, that a lady of good character and respectable connections stood arraigned at the bar and had been put on trial for her life, on facts arising out of her domestic relations to her own slave. It was a spectacle consoling and cheering perhaps, to those who owned no good will to the institutions of our country; but calculated only to excite pain and regret among ourselves. He would not state a proposition so revolting to humanity as that crime should go unpunished—but judicial interference between the slave and the owner was a matter at once of delicacy and danger. It was the first time he had ever stood between a slave owner and the public prosecutor; and his sensations were anything but pleasant. This was an entirely different case from homicide between equals in society. Subordination is indispensible, where Slavery exists; and in this there is no new principle involved. The same principle prevails in every country—on shipboard and in the army a large discretion is always left to the superior. Charges by inferiors against their superiors were always to be viewed with great circumspection, at least—and especially when the latter are charged with cruelty or crime against subordinates. In the relation of owner and slave there is an absence of the usual motives for murder, and strong inducements against it, on the part of the former. Life is usually taken from avarice or passion. The master gains nothing, but loses much by the death of his slave; and when he takes the life of the latter deliberately, there must be more than ordinary malice to instigate the deed. The policy of altering the old law of 1740, which punished the killing of a slave with fine and political disfranchisement, was more than doubtful. It was the law of our colonial ancestors—it conformed to their policy and was approved by their wisdom; and it continued undisturbed by their posterity until the year 1821. It was engrafted on our policy in counteraction of the schemes and machinations or in deference to the clamours of those who formed plans for our improvement, although not interested in nor understanding our institutions; and whose interference led to the tragedy of 1822. He here adverted to the views of Chancellor Harper on this subject, who in his able and philosophical memoir on Slavery, said—"It is a somewhat singular fact, that when there existed in our State no law for punishing the murder of a slave, other than a pecuniary fine, there were, I will venture to say, at least ten murders of freemen for one murder of a slave. Yet it is supposed they are less protected than their masters."—"The change was made in subserviency to the opinions and clamour of others, who were utterly incompetent to form an opinion on the subject; and a wise act is seldom the result of legislation in this spirit. From the fact I have stated, it is plain they need less protection. Juries are, therefore, less willing to convict, and it may sometimes happen that the guilty will escape all punishment. *Security* is one of the compensations of their humble position. We challenge the comparison, that with us there have been fewer murders of slaves, than of parents, children, apprentices, and other murders, cruel and unnatural, in society where Slavery does not exist." Such was the opinion of Chancellor Harper on this subject, who had profoundly studied it, and whose views had been extensively read on this Continent and in Europe. Fortunately the jury, he said, were of the country, acquainted with our policy and practice—composed of men, too independent and honourable to be led astray by the noise and clamour out of doors. All was now as it should be—at last a court of justice had assembled, to which his client had fled for refuge and safety—its threshold was sacred—no profane clamours entered there—but legal investigation was had of facts, derived from the testimony of sworn witnesses—and this should teach the community to shut their bosoms against sickly humanity, and their ears to imaginary tales of blood and horror, the food of a depraved appetite. He warned the jury that they were to listen to no testimony but that of free white persons, given on oath in open court. They were to imagine none that came not from them. It was for this that they were selected—their intelligence putting them beyond the influence of unfounded accusations, unrestrained by legal proof—of legends of aggravated cruelty, founded on the evidence of negroes, and arising from weak and wicked falsehoods. Were slaves permitted to testify against their owner, it would cut the cord that unites them in peace and harmony, and enable them to sacrifice their masters to their ill will or revenge. Whole crews have been often leagued to charge Capts. of vessels with foulest murder, but judicial trial had exposed the falsehood. Truth has been distorted in this case, and murder manufactured out of what was nothing more than ordinary domestic discipline. Chastisement must be inflicted until subordination is produced, and the extent of punishment is not to be judged of by one's neighbours, but by himself. The event in this case has been unfortunate and sad; but there was no motive for the taking of life. There is no pecuniary interest in the owner to destroy his slave—the murder of his slave can only happen from ferocious passions of the master, filling his own bosom with anguish and contrition. This case has no other basis but unfounded rumour, commonly believed, on evidence that will not venture here, the offspring of that passion and depravity which make up falsehood. The hope of freedom, of change of owners revenge, are all motives with slave witnesses to malign their owners—and to credit such testimony would be to dissolve human society. Where deliberate, wilful and malicious murder is done, whether by male or female, the retribution of the law is a debt to God and man—but the jury should beware lest it fall upon the innocent. The offence charged was not strictly murder at common law. The Act of 1740 was founded on the practical good sense of our old planters, and its spirit still prevails. The act of 1821 is, by its terms, an Act only to increase the punishment of persons convicted of murdering a slave—and this is a refinement in humanity of doubtful policy. But by the Act of 1821, the murder must be wilful, deliberate and malicious—and when punishment is due to the slave, the master must not be held to strict account for going an inch beyond the mark—whether for doing so, he shall be a felon is a question for the jury to solve. The master must conquer a refractory slave; and deliberation, so as to render clear the existence of malice, it is necessary to bring the matter within the provision of the act. He bade the jury remember the words of Him who spake as never man spoke—"Let him that has never sinned throw the first stone." They as masters might regret excesses to which they may have themselves carried punishment. He was not at all surprised at the course of the Attorney General—it was his wont to treat every case with perfect fairness. He (Col. H.) agreed that the inquiry should be—1. Into the fact of the death. 2. The character or motive of the act. The examination of the prisoner showed conclusively that the slave died a natural death and not from personal violence. She was chastised with a lawful weapon—was in weak health, nervous, made angry by her punishment—excited. The story was then a plain one—the community had been misled by the creations of imagination, or the statements of interested slaves. The negro came into her mistress' chamber—fell on the floor—medicine was given her—it was supposed she was asleep, but she slept the sleep of death. To show the wisdom and policy of the old act of 1740 (this indictment is under both acts, the punishment only altered by that of 1821,) he urged that a case like this was not murder at common law—nor is the same evidence applicable as common law. There murder was presumed from killing—not so in the case of a slave. The act of 1740 permits a master, when his slave is killed in his presence, there being no other white person present, to exculpate himself by his own oath, and this exculpation is complete unless clearly contravened by the evidence of two white witnesses. This is exactly what the prisoner has done—she has, as the law permits, by calling on God, exculpated herself, and her oath is good at least against the slander of her own slaves. Which then should prevail—the clamours of others or the policy of the law established by our colonial ancestors. There would not be a tittle of positive evidence against the prisoner nothing but circumstantial evidence—and ingenious combination might be made to lead to any conclusion. Justice was all that his client asked. She appealed to liberal and high minded men—and she rejoiced in the privilege of doing so—to accord her that justice they would demand for themselves.

Mr. Deveaux was not cross examined.

Evidence Resumed.—Dr. E. W. North—sworn—(cautioned by Attorney General to avoid hearsay evidence)—Was the family physician of Mrs. Rowand. Went on the 6th of January, at Mrs. Rowand's request to see her, at her mother's, in Logan street—found her down stairs—in sitting room. She was in a nervous and excited state—had been so for a month before—he had attended her—she said nothing to witness of slave *Maria*—found *Maria* in a chamber up stairs, about one o'clock, P. M.—she was dead—she appeared to have been dead about an hour and a half—his attention was attracted to a piece of pine wood on a trunk or a table in the room—it had a large knot on one end—had it been used on *Maria*, it must have caused considerable contusion—other pieces of wood were in a box, and much smaller ones—the corpse was laying one side in the chamber—it was not laid out—presumed she died there—the marks on the body were, to witness' view, very slight—some scratches about the face—he purposely avoided making an examination—observed no injuries about the head—had no conversation with Mrs. Rowand about *Maria*—left the house—it was on the 6th January last, the day before the inquest—knew the slave before, but had never attended her.

Cross Examined.—Mrs. Rowand was in feeble health and nervous—the slave *Maria* was weak and emaciated in appearance—sudden death of such a person, in such a state, from apoplexy or action of nervous system, not unlikely—*her* sudden death would not imply violence—had prescribed assafœtida for Mrs. Rowand on a former visit—it is an appropriate remedy for nervous disorders. Mrs. Rowand was not of bodily strength to handle the pine knot so as to give a severe blow—Mrs. Rowand has five or six children—the elder of them large enough to have carried pieces of wood about the room—there must have been a severe contusion and much extravasation of blood to infer death from violence in this case—apoplexy is frequently attended with extravasation of blood—there were two *Maria's* in the family.

In reply.—Mrs. Rowand could have raised the pine knot, but could not have struck a blow with it—such a piece of wood could have produced death, but it would have left its mark—saw the fellow, *Richard*, he was quite capable of giving such a blow.

Dr. Peter Porcher—Was called in by the Coroner's Jury to examine *Maria's* body—found it in the wash kitchen—it was the corpse of one feeble and emaciated—partly prepared for burial—had the clothes removed—the body was lacerated with stripes—abrasions about face and knuckles—skin knocked off—passed his hand over head—no bone broken—on request opened her thorax and examined the viscera—found them healthy—heart unusually so for one of her age—no particular odour—some undigested food—no inflammation—removed the scalp and found considerable extravasation between scalp and scull—scalp bloodshot—just under the scalp found the effects of a single blow, just over the right ear—after removing the scalp, lifted the bone—no rupture of any blood-vessel—some softening of the brain in the upper hemisphere—there was considerable extravasation under the scalp, the result of a succession of blows on the top of the head—this extravasation was general—but that over the ear was in a single spot—the butt-end of a cowhide would have sufficed for this purpose—an ordinary stick—a heavy one would have done it—a succession of blows on the head, in a feeble woman, would lead to death, when in a stronger one it would not—saw no other appearance about her person to account for her death except those blows.

Cross Examined.—To a patient in this woman's condition, the blows would probably cause death—they were not such as were calculated to kill an ordinary person—witness saw the body twenty-four hours after her death—it was winter, and bitter cold—no disorganization, and the examination was therefore to be relied on—the blow behind the ear might have resulted from a fall, but not the blow on the top of the head, unless she fell head foremost—came to the conclusion of a succession of blows from the extent of the extravasation—a single blow would have shown a distinct spot, with a gradual spreading or diffusion—one large blow—could not account for it, as the head was spherical—no blood on the brain—the softening of the brain did not amount to much—in an ordinary dissection, would have passed it over—anger sometimes produces apoplexy, which results in death—blood between the scalp and the bone of the skull—it was evidently a fresh extravasation—twenty-four hours would scarcely have made any change—knew nothing of this negro before—even after examination, the cause of death is sometimes inscrutable, not usual, however.

In Reply.—Does not attribute the softening of the brain to the blows—it was slight, and might have been the result of age—it was some evidence of impairment of vital powers by advancing age.

Dr. A. P. Hayne.—At the request of the Coroner, acted with Dr. Porcher—was shown into an out-house—saw on the back of the corpse evidences of a contusion—arms swollen and enlarged, laceration of the body—contusions on the head and neck—between scalp and scull, extravasation of blood—on the top of the head, and behind the right ear—a burn on the hand—the brain presented healthy appearance—opened the body, no evidences of disease—in the chest or viscera—attributed the extravasation of blood to external injury from blows—blows from a large, and broad, and blunt instrument—attributes the death to those blows—supposes they were adequate to cause death, as she was old, weak, and emaciated.

Cross Examined.—Would not have caused death in a young and robust person.

The evidence for the prosecution here closed, and no witnesses were called for the defence.

The jury were then successively addressed, ably and eloquently, by J. L. Petigru, and James S. Rhett, Esq. on behalf of the prisoner, and H. Bailey, Esq. on behalf of the State, and by B. F. Hunt, Esq. in reply. Of those speeches (and also of the Judge's charge,) we have taken full notes, but we have neither time nor space to insert them here.

His Honour, Judge O'Neall then charged the jury eloquently and ably on the facts, vindicating the existing law, making death the penalty for the murder of a slave; but, on the law, intimated to the jury that he held the Act of 1740 so far still in force as to admit of the prisoner's exculpation by her own oath, unless clearly disproved by the oaths of two witnesses, and that they were, therefore, in his opinion, bound to acquit; although he left it to them, wholly, to say, whether the prisoner was guilty of murder, killing in sudden heat and passion, or not guilty.

The jury then retired, and in about twenty or thirty minutes, returned with a verdict of "Not Guilty."

Communications.

Harveysburg Anti-War Convention.

Pursuant to a call which had been numerously signed and published in the Western Star, and also in the Clinton Republican, a Convention of the people assembled at Harveysburg on the 15th of May, for the purpose of giving public expression to their thoughts and feelings relative to the present war with Mexico. The Convention was held in the brick chapel belonging to the Society of United Brethren. A number of able speakers were in attendance; among the number from abroad were H. S. Gilmore, and Thomas Beecher, from the city of Cincinnati. The above-named gentlemen added much to the interest of the occasion by the ability and eloquence with which they sustained the position assumed by some of the resolutions.

The meeting was organized by the appointment of J. W. Scroggs to the chair, and Kersey Graves as Secretary.

A committee was appointed to prepare and bring forward resolutions. This committee consisted of R. B. Edwards, V. Nicholson, A. Brooke, A. Waters, and Isaiah Fallis.

(A. Brooke declined to serve, choosing to act on his own hook).

A number of resolutions were reported by the Committee, and received and adopted by the Convention. The following were amongst the number:

Whereas, The people of the United States, by their organic law, have delegated to Congress the power to declare war, and limit the exercise of that power to purposes of justice; and, whereas, the President of the United States has, without the advice or consent of Congress, by a bold usurpation, in which he was sustained by a party, involved us in a war with Mexico, thereby placing us in the attitude of belligerents with a power with whom we were wont to be at peace and unity; therefore,

Resolved, That we hereby declare to the world our full purpose to use all proper measures within our power to drive from those high stations the usurpers of our sovereignty, and place in their stead those whom we believe to be honest and capable.

Whereas, we believe the present war with Mexico to be a war for conquest, having for its object and intention the extension and continuation of American Slavery, which system we regard as a deep national disgrace, and an all-sufficient cause for humble contrition and speedy repentance on the part of this nation; therefore,

Resolved, That those officers who lead men on to battle for the purpose of effecting such inglorious and unholy designs, are only laying up for themselves treasures of discredit and dishonour in the estimation of the truly moral and intelligent citizens, both of the present, and all future generations.

Resolved, That we tender our thanks, and extend our most cordial sympathies to the Hon. Thomas Corwin, for the faithfulness with which he discharged his senatorial duty in the recent session of Congress, by opposing and exposing the unparalleled injustice, cruelty, and usurpation which has attended the instigation and the prosecution of the present war with Mexico, which war we unhesitatingly pronounce a disgrace to the nation, and a curse to the world.

Resolved, That we extend to Messrs. Giddings, Root, Delano, and all others who have faithfully opposed encroachments of despotism, a similar token of respectful remembrance to the one just passed in allusion to the course pursued by Mr. Corwin.

Resolved, That we unite unanimously in tendering to Generals Taylor and Scott, together with those under their command, the sentiments and feelings naturally inspired by the reflection that they are engaged in the vigorous prosecution of an unjust and inglorious war.

On motion, the committee on resolutions were requested to take from the minutes of this Convention such extracts as they may deem worthy of publication, and forward them to such editors as their own judgment may dictate.

J. SCROGS, *Chairman*.

K. GRAVES, *Secretary*.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1847.

Editorial Correspondence.

HINGHAM, May 29th, 1847.

The date of my letter is subject enough for it, though probably some of the readers of the Standard never before heard of the town of Hingham. There are none, I trust, in Massachusetts sunk in ignorance so dark and lamentable, but off in the outskirts of civilization beyond Albany, and west of Philadelphia, there may a few such unfortunate beings. Let me assure them, however, that Hingham is no inconsiderable place, though like many other places and persons in the world, it is enjoying now an undeserved reputation. Time out of mind it has been famous for wooden-ware, and still has a good name for buckets. Michaux, in his great work on the Forest Trees of America, makes honourable mention of what has been called the "Hingham China," and if the bucket-makers only knew this fact, they might rejoice in being written about in French, though they are rather ashamed of their ancient craft.

In my younger days they did make buckets here, and though my memory runneth not back to the happy time, when, as the saying was, "every man in Hingham made buckets to sell, except the minister, and he made his own," yet I remember when the only sign of rain that was considered entirely reliable was, that three wagon-loads of pails should pass the door in the course of the day. But the discovery of steam-power has changed the place, perhaps not for the better. What "china" is made now is made chiefly by steam. Marvellous stories are told of the engines into which logs are thrown, and which come out all manner of imaginable things; but in Hingham they come out only buckets, with the shavings made into pill-boxes. Still in one of the out-of-the-way lanes one may see a few old shops in which the old manufacture is carried on in the old way, and on the outside of which are little shelves enclosed with wire, as show boxes, where miniature pails, and piggins, and dumb betties are displayed. But the people here are behind the age, and their street is visited by strangers, as in Paris, strangers go out to Sevres. Hingham, as a town, no longer makes wooden-ware. A steamboat has brought it within an hour of Boston, and a railroad is to bring it still nearer. The boys go to the city, as soon as they have learned to write and cypher, to seek their fortunes, or if any of them stay at home it is to send out vessels to catch mackeral, or to engage in some branch of manufactures, or trade, the product of which goes to Boston. And this has made the people famous for something else than that which distinguished their fathers. They are not more noted, that I know of, for thrift than their neighbours, though many of them get rich, and all generally justify another of their old maxims, "that every tub should stand on its own bottom;" but they have become famous for their love of home, and it has grown into a proverb, that "the Hingham folks always go home on Saturday night." If this shows that the old town is a good place to emigrate from, it proves, also, that it is a pleasant place to return to, at least, to spend Sunday. It used to be said that "Hingham is a great place at high water," for when the tide is out its harbour is all flats, but he is no true Hingamite who does not hold that it is a great place at all times of tide.

But Hingham has other titles to fame than those I have alluded to. If it has not yet given its name to any other town, and, strange to tell, still stands alone on the Blue Book, it has done something to populate this great country of ours. There is not a Cushing, a Lincoln, a Hobart, a Hersey, a Thaxter, or a Beal—all common names—in the whole country, that cannot trace his descent from the Pilgrims who landed here—at high tide of course—in a shallop, in 1635. John, the ancestor of James Otis, was one of its first settlers. The progenitors of John Hancock were Hingham people. Gen. Lincoln, of the Revolutionary army, was a Hingham farmer. Bishops and Governors, and other minor dignitaries in Church and State, who are not so well known to the world, have come of Hingham ancestry; and though we make no special boast of it here, the spot is pointed out where stood, and if I am not mistaken, still stands, the house built by the grandfather or great-grandfather of Benedict Arnold. There is none of that stock left in the town now, however, and none other out of which traitors can be made, though I doubt not enough from which great Captains and Patriots will come when the times shall need them.

One thing else I must mention or the Hingham people will not forgive me. They have here the oldest inhabitable church in North America. There are the ruins of one in Jamestown, (Va.) which is older than this, but this is the oldest now occupied in the country. It was built one hundred and sixty-five years ago, and in it is some of the timber of the church built by the first settlers, in 1635 or 6. It is perfectly sound, and almost as hard as iron. This is pretty well for the antiquities of a young country. I have no great veneration for the Church, as such, but for this old meeting-house I profess great reverence.

I have but begun the catalogue of the notabilities of Hingham, and have room for one more only, to speak of which is the chief object of this letter. It is the Derby Lecture, which is grown to be the peculiar institution of the town. The Derby Academy was founded and endowed more than half a century ago by a Madam Derby, or rather the school was first established by her first husband, Dr. Hersey, and placed on a firm foundation by Madam Derby at her death. This Dr. Hersey is the same who founded a professorship at Cambridge, and the fund of the Academy goes to the same institution in case of forfeiture by mismanagement. It is not likely that Harvard, however, will ever see a cent of it. Madam Derby, like many other people that Hingham has produced, was a character. She was poor, and uneducated in her youth, and never could write her own name. But she came by her first marriage to considerable wealth, which she knew well how to keep and manage. At a little distance from the spot where I sit at this present writing, stood till within a few years a tree in which it is said she used to sit and overlook the work-people on her farm. Her house, which was a fine, old-fashioned one, the largest and the best in the village, had in it one or two rooms, the walls of which were painted in landscapes by her own hand. As I remember them, they were rather curious specimens of the fine arts. The old house, I am sorry to say, was burnt down a few years since, the only occupant of it, at the time, being an old lady and her servant. The history of this house, with that of those who have resided in it for the last century, would make a story full of tragic and comic incident and interest which one would hardly believe could be found in a quiet New England village. But that is neither here nor there.

It is a pity, however, that somebody should not write the biography of Madam Derby. A great many amusing and characteristic stories are told of her. She lived in a good deal of state for those days, and kept her own carriage, but did not disdain to use it for puposes to which, I venture to say, no other lady's carriage was ever put. If, for instance, she wanted a load of boards from the "cove," and no other means were at hand to fetch them, she would go for them herself. The boards she would have put through the carriage windows, after she had taken her place on the back seat. Of course, the people were obliged to give her on such occasions a wide berth. During her last illness she made all the arrangements for her own funeral, was measured for her coffin, and beat down the undertaker in his price. She had a list made of those who were to attend at her funeral obsequies, and the places they were to take in the procession. After having taken down a number of names, her amanuensis asked if there were any more. "No," she said, "Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, may follow on behind!" Tradition says that the uninvited guests were somewhat offended when the story was told, and no wonder. But most of those who cared anything about her funeral, are dead now, and the present generation should forgive her for the insult, for she has certainly been a benefactor to the town. Almost every lad who has been fitted for college in Hingham during the last half century, has gone from Derby Academy, and nearly all who have received any other education than the common schools could give them—a very good one, by-the-bye—have obtained it at the same place. There is a female, as well as a male Department, which is always crowded.

It is one of the requirements of Madam Derby's will, that there should be an Annual Exhibition and Lecture—the first by the pupils of the Academy, and the last by some clergyman in good and regular standing, on the third Wednesday of May. Lecture day, as it is called, is always a famous time for the children, and hardly less so for those of a larger growth. Everybody is concerned in it. Those who have children to take part in the exercises, of course are interested, and those who have not, were once children themselves, and like to look on a scene in which they once played an important part. The morning is devoted to the Exhibition, and in the afternoon, the pupils with their teachers, and the Trustees of the Academy, march in procession, and with a band of music, to one of the churches to listen to the Lecture from the appointed clergyman.

The lecturer this year was the Rev. Mr. Furness, of Philadelphia, and I have rarely had the opportunity of listening to a better sermon. His text was the beautiful words of the last section of the 8th verse of the 6th chapter of Micah: "And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" The plain truths involved in the text were enforced with so much power and eloquence, that he could hardly fail, it seemed to me, to carry his hearers with him in any application he might make of them. Yet, I fear, that the mere fact that he was inculcating great Christian duties, put many at once upon their guard. For to that hopeful pass have we come at last, that when the people now hear a man preaching essential morality as a matter with which our everyday life has some connection, and not as a barren doctrine, they, at once, jump to his conclusions,—some to reject both text and comment, and others to rejoice in, and welcome, according to their different positions. And surely that is a hopeful state of things, when the teachers of the people are becoming liable to the suspicion of aiming at any sins in their preaching that anybody now-a-days thinks of committing. Now, thank Heaven, both parties are beginning to learn that there is full as much need of repentance for wrongs committed in this century, in America, as there is for indignation at the wickedness of the Jews eighteen hundred years ago.

So doubtless almost everybody saw at once that Mr. Kirk's plague of the frogs had hopped into the Derby lecture. And they were not long left in doubt. Mr. Furness did not come from Philadelphia to preach a barren discourse of doctrine, or read a well-written essay upon education. He had something to tell the people which they would remember when they returned the next day to their usual duties, and which the children would stop, perhaps in their play, or pause in their studies, to ponder over. Justice and mercy are duties for a people to practice who hold three millions of their countrymen in chains. Slavery and war were the burden of his discourse. On these great national sins he bore a faithful testimony, worthy of him as a man and a Christian minister. He was direct and earnest. Had he been on an Anti-Slavery platform, instead of in a pulpit, he could not have spoken more plainly upon the supineness and the guilt of the people. Were such sermons preached as often as they should be by the clergy of the North, we should soon see the end of the Mexican War. Its great merit was its directness to the people then and there, before the preacher, and the close application of the duty inculcated in the text to them in this matter. At the close of the lecture, in accordance with the custom on this occasion, he addressed a few words especially to the children, they rising to receive them. The address was brief, but exceedingly touching and beautiful. It was no laboured exhortation, but an appeal simply to their feelings. He besought them to remember the slave children of the South, whose sad condition he portrayed. I was not near enough to see how the children were moved by it, but there were many in the older portion of the assembly near me, who did not attempt to restrain their tears.

I hope the people in Hingham will make some effort to have this lecture published. If done at all, it must be done by private subscription, and I cannot doubt that there are people enough who listened to it, and appreciated its beauty and truth, and must be desirous, not only of reading it themselves, but of putting it in the hands of others.

S. H. G.

Mr. Benton on the Slave Question.

Mr. Benton has made a speech to the citizens of St. Louis, in which he holds the following language on Mr. Calhoun's resolutions in the United States Senate. He is doubtless right in thinking that moderation is the safe course for the South, if that could be the prevalent feeling everywhere. But, unlike his great rival of South Carolina, he leaves out of the account the growing Anti-Slavery feeling of the North. One section of the Union is, thank God, rapidly learning to discard moderation on this subject, which means toleration of Slavery. And Mr. Calhoun knows, what Mr. Benton is ignorant of, or forgets, that if the North is aroused against Slavery, the South must arouse for it, or it will fall. Fall it must ere long, at any rate, in spite of the fanaticism of its supporters, but that will sustain it the longer. We wish, therefore, that Mr. Benton's counsels may prevail:

Mr. Benton passed to a new subject—one which had not yet excited the public attention, but which, in his opinion, was pregnant with much danger, and required early attention. It was not a question of foreign war, to be settled by arms or diplomacy, but of domestic legislation, to be settled by public opinion and by votes. He alluded to the Slavery propagandist resolutions, introduced into the Senate towards the close of the late session, and which he had stigmatized as a firebrand on the day of their introduction. On their face these resolutions contemplate a subversion of the Union, throwing the guilt of the subversion upon those who oppose their enactment into law. At the same time they propose what no citizen of a non-slaveholding State can ever stand, and what many from the slaveholding States, himself in the number, would not stand if they could. They propose the abolition of all compromises, past and future, on the Slavery question, and treat as violaters of the rights of the States, and of the Constitution, and as subverters of the Union all who will not agree to extend Slavery to all the *territories* of the United States, even to the most remote and hyperborean—to Oregon itself, in the latitude of Wisconsin, and the Lake of the Woods. They go the

precise length of the Northern Abolitionists, and with the same practical consequence, only in a reversed form. The abolition creed is that the *admission* of Slavery in any part of the Union is a violation of the Constitution, and a dissolution of the Union; the new resolutions declare that the *prohibition* of Slavery in any territory of the Union is a violation of the Constitution and of the rights of the States, and a subversion of the Union! So true it is, that extremes meet, and that all fanaticism, for or against any *dógma*, terminates at the same point of intolerance and defiance.

The first effect of this new Slavery creed, which the South was summoned to adopt most smmarily, would be to establish a new political test for trying the orthodoxy of all candidates for the Presidency; and as no Northern man could stand such a test at home, the whole of them would be knocked in the head, so far as the South was concerned, at a single lick. The next effect of these resolutions, if adopted, in the non-slaveholding States, would be to put an end to the present political division of parties, and to substitute a new party in the South (with its antagonist in the North) bounded by geographical lines, and founded on the sole principle of Slavery propagandism. The third effect of these resolutions would be that which is stated, hypothetically, on their face, namely, the subversion of the Union.

Seeing these resolutions in this dangerous point of view, he (Mr. B.) had stigmatized them as a firebrand on the day of their introduction, and had since deprecated their application to the Oregon bill, by which the Oregon people were left without law or government for a year longer. Many persons thought him too prompt in his denunciation of these resolutions: perhaps the same persons thought him too prompt in denouncing the Oregon Joint Occupation Treaty in 1818—the treaty which gave away Texas in 1819—the treaty of annexation in 1844—and all the measures of the Tyler administration which led to the Mexican war in 1846: but the truth might be that he was not too fast, but themselves too slow. The resolutions appeared dangerous to him, and he struck them at their first apparition in the Senate Chamber. He had done his duty: he had sounded the alarm: it was for the people of the United States—all the friends of the Union—to do the rest. There was no Jackson now to save the Union by a voice like the command of destiny, proclaiming that "IT SHALL BE PRESERVED."

☞ We have heard it doubted whether Dr. Whitredge, of Charleston, is a slaveholder. The following item, which we cut from an exchange paper, settles the question. Dr. Whitredge has been for several years, till the last Anniversary of the American Unitarian Association, a Vice-President of that body:

An Overseer in South Carolina, named William Davis, recently sued Dr. Whitredge, a planter, for causing his slaves to tie the overseer hand and foot, and remove him from the plantation, which he had refused to leave.—Davis claimed $10,000 damages,—the jury awarded him $2,500, and the defendant appealed to a higher court.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from London.

MY DEAR SIR: I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your esteemed letter, and am happy to find from its contents, and from the intelligence contained in the Standard, that the cause is progressing encouragingly in the United States. Many circumstances of late have, I think, tended to attract attention to the question of American Slavery on both sides of the Atlantic, but especially on this. Among the more recent, however, the treatment of Frederick Douglass by the agents of the Cambria, of which intelligence has ere this reached you. The whole transaction is one of the most scandalous that we have heard of. It has gone the rounds of the English press, and received from every journal, from the Times downwards, the heartiest condemnation. The letter of Mr. Cunard has, for a time, put the matter at rest among the journalists, but is, I think, not entirely satisfactory. He says he will take care that no such occurrence shall transpire in future. Of course, there is only one safe way of preventing it, and that is, by abolishing the infamous distinction of colour. I trust this will be the course chosen. There is, however, yet another way of abolishing the recurrence of such an event, and that is, by refusing to issue a first class ticket to a coloured person; but this course can only be disastrous to the Cunard Company, and will not, I trust, be chosen.

I peruse your Standard with increasing interest, and heartily wish it had a more extensive circulation in this country. We have nothing like it in point of economy.

We are about to publish the farewell speech of Frederick Douglass, delivered at the London Tavern, on the 30th of March. It is certainly one of the best delivered by him, if I may judge from hearing him almost every night, for the space of four months. There were many persons present on the occasion who have stood aloof from the movement, anxious no doubt to hear the eloquent negro, ere he departed for the United States. His efforts have been eminently useful to the Anti-Slavery cause, and will exercise a powerful influence for a long time to come. There is a testimonial on foot to purchase for him a steam printing press, for the purpose, as it is stated, of enabling him to start a negro journal, to be devoted to the advocacy of the cause of his brethren in bonds.

Our poor continue in a very depressed state, and the exertions made for their relief by the philanthropic, necessarily interfere with their ability to assist in the promotion of a cause which appears less pressing. I trust, nevertheless, the day will arrive when the English people shall be up to the mark, in relation to the question of American Slavery.

I have just come from a meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, at which Dr. Lushington presided. The speakers were Sir G. Strickland, Rev. J. Angus, Rev. W. Boncher, H. Clapp, Jr. Rev. W. Rattorg, Rev. W. Gloucester, Elihu Burritt, and others. The theme of Mr. Burritt's speech was total abstinence from slave-grown produce, but although he urged it with much fervour and amiableness, it did not appear to make way with the people here. Henry Clapp gave a brief sketch of the Anti-Slavery moment, in America, and in mentioning Mr. Garrison as the pioneer of the cause, the audience, which had appeared as dead as brute matter to that moment were suddenly electrified, and burst out into three hearty rounds of applause. The treatment of Frederick Douglass by the agent of the Cambria, to which allusion was made by the speaker, also elicited a great deal of feeling. Our meeting is to be held to-morrow night in the same place, when we intend to submit a resolution in deprecation of the conduct of the Steam-packet Company. Yours sincerely,

R. SMITH.

76, SHEPPERTON COTTAGES, Islington, May 8, 1847.

Notes on New Books.

Tracts for the New Times. No. 1. *Letter to a Swedenborgian.* New-York: John Allen.

We judge this letter to be written by an Associationist. If so, the best we can wish that body of reformers, is many more such adherents. When they shall show the same liberal spirit, and manifest less exclusive devotion to the dreams of their visionary master, it seems to us that they will begin, with some hope of success, the great work which is really before them.

A great work they certainly have, in common with all who seek the good of humanity, in the re-organization of our false social system, one in which we, as a "fragmentary" reformer, believe the abolition of chattel slavery to be the first and most necessary step, but a work which will be only begun by the destruction of that chief abomination. We hold the disciples of Fourier in all respect for their aim—we believe that amidst much nonsense of "boreal crowns," "seas of pleasant lemonade," toads from Mars, and cabbages from Mercury, and amid much false and material philosophy, they are yet in possession of great truths on the subject of social organization, which are not yet so much as recognized by the world. That these truths were the revelations of Fourier, and that he is, as his followers claim, the inspired apostle of the new times, whose precepts are implicitly to be followed, from systems of philosophy to the ordering of a breakfast, are very different propositions. This bigoted devotion to the doctrines of one man, and one, many of whose views are confessedly so visionary and fantastic, and whose plans have at least so strong a presumption against them, seems to us to be the greatest obstacle in the way of their success.

The subject of this letter is one which we are rejoiced to see in such able hands. It is a deserved rebuke of another sect, which, with the greatest pretensions, with claims to be no less than the only true Church, a new dispensation abolishing the old, is yet doing nothing in the world to support its claims, is rather displaying an exclusive narrowness which exceeds even that of the old dead Church it professes to supersede.

We have no disposition to question that Swedenborg was a very extraordinary man. We fully assent to many of the great principles of his followers, and believe that it will be a blessed day in the world's history when they shall come to be generally acknowledged. Why is it that the "New Church" is so little what a new Church should be? Why is it that it is so narrow, exclusive, cold, and dead to the claims of Humanity, and the crying enormities of the day. The friends of progress, the champions of the suffering and oppressed, look not to them for aid. They have walled themselves into their narrow bounds, and if the cause of Humanity meets from them no opposition, it owes them no debt.

We are not much acquainted with the writings of Swedenborg and his followers. What we have seen has only led us farther from assent to the exclusive claims of the sect. We have believed that their errors arose from the errors of their master, but the writer of this pamphlet, who seems to be well acquainted with his works, denies their claim to be his true followers, and rebukes them for their departure from his principles.

"Swedenborg looked upon sectarianism or separatism, as a crying evil of Christendom. He thought that a difference of opinion upon doctrinal subjects ought never to divide those who are intent on reducing the divine commandments to life. He thought that various opinions on these subjects, were not only inevitable, but desirable, as more fully attesting the true *living* unity of the Church. * * * * * *

"According to Swedenborg, the new economy was to supervene, not as a new, visible sect, but as a spirit of freedom and rationality in the old sects. It *has* come, or rather is now coming, as a spirit of Love among all the sects, flinging a veil of obscurity over those obtrusive doctrinals, whose fruit has always been disunion, and bringing into light those hidden charities, whose only possible issue is peace. And if you had wished to exhibit this spirit in your embodiment for public worship, thus to afford the world some living illustration of the Church that is coming, your course would now have conciliated the unmingled approbation of every friend of human progress. '*A new* commandment give I unto you, that ye *love* one another?' How blessed a distinction had it been for you to commend to all the sects this "new doctrine" of charity, as one which had been all along involved indeed in their acknowledgment of the Lord, but had never got the hearty recognition it is so amply entitled to; to commend it to them not only by studied words of eulogy, but by a diligent practice of its requirements, above all in your social or public worship. But no, you say this does not suit you." * *

He develops with force and clearness the true idea of the Church, as it lies in the minds of all true thinkers of this age, waiting to become actual in outward institutions. The Church, he declares, is no collection of men, no form of belief; its essence does not consist first, and foremost, in piety, important as that element is. But the True Church of God on earth is the embodiment of the great principle of *charity*,—love of Truth in the intellect, love of our fellow-man in our hearts, love of the Right in action. The True Church is bounded by no territorial limits, by no organizations of men.

Whoever conscientiously seeks the truth, and strenuously labours to act it out, so that his life shall be a blessing to his fellow-men, is a member of the true Church, and whoever neglects this, the very idea of a true life, confining himself to a barren piety, or to the mere assent to a form of words, is no member of the Church, though never so many times consecrated and baptized. These are truths which need to be spoken. They are the ideas which form the true religion of these times, when the old Church has gone dumb, and life has departed from it. Whether they will enter those old walls and fill them again with new life, or whether they will demand new forms, and embody themselves in new institutions, is a question we hope some time to discuss. Meantime we would say that we think these truths should be more distinctly uttered. It is not enough to denounce that which falsely arrogates to itself the name of the Church—on the Reformers of the day rests the responsibility of substituting a new and truer one. Their doctrines should not consist solely of negations; their duty is not solely to pull down. The accredited teachers of religion are false to their trust, the very idea of the old Church is becoming inadequate to the demands of the times: it is the reformers of the day that must be the builders of the new Church, which is really to rule the Future. We would have no less of exclusive devotion to single aims. We are thoroughly "fragmentary" in our notions of reform. We would have "fanatic" Abolitionists, and "fanatic" Temperance men—but we would have them all labour in the light of this truth, that they, and they alone, are the true Church. When the times are ripe, an outward organization will form itself.

"To ascertain," says our author, "whether the Church any longer performs its mediatorial function, and so remains the Church, we have to inquire not what Swedenborg, or any one else says of it, but how it uses the universal truths of which it is the depository, whether for its own aggrandizement, or for the benefit of the common life of man. We have to inquire *how it stands related to human progress*, or what are the prevailing influences it sheds forth upon the nations. If its influence be to foster every improvement of the common life of humanity; if it cordially welcomes every addition to the sum of human comfort, and labours to give it diffusion; if it develops every truth of science and every method of art, whose effect is to equalize the enjoyment of human life; if *rejoicing to stand in the van of humanity*, and be the channel of Heaven's best gifts to earth, it postpones all questions of its own revenues, to the grand question of the redemption of the race from ignorance and sin, then no one can doubt that it is a true Church, blessed both of God and man. But if it enact an exactly contrary part to this; if it accept no truth in science or art but what makes for its own glory; if it exalt its own dogmas into the standard of opinion for the race; if it monopolize to itself every advance of human invention, and become a miserable trader in the bounties of Providence, seeking always to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer; if, in short, in every practicable way, it deny the universal love and providence of God, calling itself the exclusive people of God, and claiming thereupon the allegiance of every other people, then can one as little doubt that it is a false Church, accursed both of God and man."

Our author claims these as the true views of Swedenborg, and warmly rebukes his followers for their departure from them. We trust they are, for they are in harmony with the idea we would fain have of his character. We hope to do more justice to this question of a new Church at some future time. Meantime we shall look with interest for another "Tract for the New Times."—A.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* A Speculation Concerning Heaven; To Pius IX. *Miscellany:* Toussaint, (continued); "They Heard His Voice;" A Crazed American at Jerusalem; Can a Corpse be Converted; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Selections:* Slavery in Massachusetts; Slavery in Massachusetts; Mr. Benton and the Slavery Question; Letter from Scotland; Effects of Negro Emancipation; American Slavery the Paramount Question; Liberation of Slaves; The Division in the Methodist Episcopal Church Regarding Slavery; From our Travelling Correspondent; Cincinnati High School; Slavery and the Presidency; Letter from James Haughton.

Married.

At the American Embassy, at Paris, Mr. GEORGE S. APPLETON, of Philadelphia, to CAROLINE, eldest daughter of C. Orgnod, Esq. of Liverpool.

In Harrisburg, (Pa.) May 14, Hon. CHARLES BROWN, Representative in Congress from the Second District of Pennsylvania, to Miss ELIZABETH R. youngest daughter of Francis R. Shunk, Governor of that State.

At Cincinnati, 24th, ultimo, GEORGE DONALDSON, to APPOLINE GUILFORD.

Died.

On the 22d ultimo, SIDNEY, son of Seba Smith, aged 18 years.

In Brookline, Mass. May 24, SAMUEL G PERKINS, Esq. aged 80.

In Springfield, Mass. on Friday night, the 28th, Rev. WM. B. O. PEABODY, aged 47. For the last 26 years pastor of the Unitarian Church and Society in that town.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Arrival of the Hibernia.—Eleven days later from Europe.

The Hibernia, which arrived at Boston on Thursday, June 3d, brings eleven days later news. The financial difficulties in England had increased, the Bank of England was besieged with applications for discount, but it was chary of accommodations. Lord Besborongh, late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, died early in May; his memory was spoken of with respect. Notwithstanding the weather was fine, and promising a good coming crop, the price of grain was rising. The corn harvest in Egypt had been gathered, and was most abundant; a very large exportation would be made at the rise of the waters of the Nile. But the promise of future abundance cannot quiet the stomach of present want, and famine still rages unslaked. Wilmer & Smith says:

Europe at large is suffering under the dire calamity of scarcity of food. The labouring classes in several of the continental cities and towns, as well as many residing in the United Kingdom, have lately exhibited symptoms of outrage and plunder. The accounts of the 8th May, from Herenberg, Urach, Ludwidsburg, and Goppingen, in Wurtemberg, state that great anxiety was felt at those towns for fear of outbreaks. Precautionary measures had been taken by the citizens. An attack was made on the shop of a baker in Brussels, whom they forced to make a distribution of bread; and, subsequently, the rioters proceeded to the premises of a corn merchant, which they proposed plundering, but were prevented by the military and police. Private letters state that there have been riots in Kommotan, and also in Eger and Leitmeritz, directed against foreign corn dealers. The rioters were pursued out of Eger with showers of stones as far as Waldsassen; and in Leitmeritz a speculator in corn had both his ears cut off! Several houses and shops were plundered at Posen on the 29th ult. and many carts, laden with corn and flour. Considerable excitement prevails in Nottingham, in England, where some contributions have been levied off several bankers and provision dealers.

From Ireland, the accounts are unfortunately no better. A Dublin correspondent of the Morning Chronicle says—"There have been farther tumultuary proceedings and processions of the peasantry in various parts of the country, and the military and police have been in general requisition to keep this spirit of insubordination in check. The reports of the progress of pestilence are quite disheartening, and, notwithstanding all the imports of food, and the immense extent of relief in food and money, great destitution still prevails, and the markets are advancing. All accounts concur in showing that the mortality is still very considerable. According to some calculations, the population has already been diminished to the extent of nearly one million, from deaths and emigration. But I should suppose that this estimate, for which there can be nothing like certain or accurate data, is greatly exaggerated." The Kerry Examiner says:—"The Catholic clergy of this county have been obliged to suspend their usual monthly conferences in consequence of their inability to attend, owing to the heavy duties that devolve on them in their respective parishes in these times of famine and death." The pestilence is nearly as destructive in some parts of Ulster, as in any of the Southern or Western districts. In the Northern county of Fermanagh, the mortality is frightful. The Cork Examiner contains details of the ravages of pestilence in various parts of that extensive county. In the famed district of Schull the extensive relief afforded has caused some alleviation, and the mortality is decreasing. In the Cork workhouses, the deaths, last week, were 95—an increase of 12 over the preceding week.

The great Lion of Europe is the Pope; he is making more converts to Liberalism than his predecessors have made to the Faith for centuries back.

A number of privates and even corporals had deserted from the English Guards for the purpose of going to Mexico, and taking a share in the war-like sport going on there.

Hayti.—We have Port-au-Prince journals to the 2d instant. They contain no political intelligence of interest. All classes, from the President down, participated in the celebration of the fête of Agriculture on May-day.

The Haytien sloop-of-war, the President, was blown up on the 23d April, off Port-au-Prince, while preparing to fire minute guns on occasion of a funeral celebration in honour or the late President Guerrier. The catastrophy is imputed to the carelessness of the commander. No one was killed; but several were wounded—some of them severely.—*Jour. of Com.*

Latest from Mexico.

PHILADELPHIA, June 7, 1847.

The steamer James L. Day has arrived at New Orleans, with Vera Cruz dates to the 25th of May.

Nothing later from Gen. Scott's army.

Commodore Perry has captured a host of little towns on the coast. He was about to attack Tabasco, where the enemy was 2,000 strong.

Advices from the city of Mexico have been received to the 19th of May.

Senor Herrera, supposed to be elected President, is the peace candidate.

Santa Anna has given up the command of the Army of the East to assume the duties of President.

He was to enter the Capital on the 19th.

In a letter published in the papers, he states he had been industriously organizing guerilla parties.

The citizens of the capital seem to be careless about the fortifications of the capital. The papers are appealing to them to turn out and provide defences for it.

The departure of Gen. Valencia from the capital, at the head of five thousand of the National Guards, to unite his forces with Santa Anna's troops was daily expected, but had not taken place at last accounts.

On the 28th of April a squadron of six or eight vessels was off Mazatlan, and a thousand men were to disembark and take the town.

Letters from Mazatlan, say they were making every preparation for the defence of that place.

Advices have been received at New Orleans from the Brazos to 25th ult.

A letter to the Delta, from Monterey, May 15, states that Gen. Taylor was actively preparing for a move, and would probably start for San Luis about the 1st of June, where another great battle was expected.

A duel occurred at China on the 21st of May, between two Virginian Lieutenants, one named Mahan. They fought with muskets loaded with buckshot, and both parties were killed.

General Items.

Capt. Webster, of the Massachusetts Volunteers—son of the Senator from Massachusetts—has arrived in New Orleans from Matamoras. He has been suffering from sickness during the whole time he has been stationed on the Rio Grande—and probably returns to recover his health.—*Tribune.*

Prof. Hare has resigned the Professorship of Chemistry in the Pennsylvania University, which he has held 30 years.—*Ibid.*

We learn that the great collection of Chinese curiosities, belonging to Mr. Peters, is soon to be brought to this city.—*Ibid.*

Minister to Brazil.—The Union understands that Col. Tod will probably take his passage in the Ohio. He will leave the United States, (as the merchants say) in all the coming month. Mr. Wise will not return to the United States before Col. Tod arrives at Rio Janeiro.—*Ibid.*

Aristocracy Ahead of Itself.—A most laughable effort to attain a "cut-straw dignity" was manifested a few days since in the refusal of a servant girl to "wash for chanics!" *Who* will make the next attack upon this industrious class! and *What* will be the occasion! are questions of some interest to those who work for a living. —*Syracuse Star.*

New use of Ether.—A friend at Concord sends us the following account of a new and successful experiment with ether:

Friend R.: I administered the ether to a very vicious, ugly horse to-day, and she was made so impressible by it that any operation might have been performed upon her without any apparent sensibility.

Mr. Bigelow, our blacksmith, told me sometime ago that one of the stage horses, which he was obliged to shoe, from some cause would keep up such an incessant violent kicking, biting, and squealing, that it was not only troublesome but dangerous to shoe her. I told him to let me know when he shod her again, and I would give the ether to her. I did so to-day, and two minutes after I applied the ether to her nostrils she was quiet and harmless as a sheep, and was shod with perfect ease and safety. The horse was as bright as ever afterward.

Lowell Courier.

Elegant Carpeting for Ninepence (12 1-2 cts.) per Yard!—We called on a friend the other day, and our attention was attracted to what was apparently a canvas carpet, of very fine texture, of fresh colours, and with a handsome border. On inquiry we were surprised to learn it was what might be called homespun, and that it cost but ninepence per square yard. As no letters patent have been taken out for the invention, we give the direction as we received them. Sew together strips of the cheapest cotton cloth of the size of the room, and tack the edges to the floor! Then paper the cloth as you would the sides of a room, with any sort of paper. The paste will be stronger if gum-arabic be mixed with it. After being well dried, give it two coats of varnish, and your carpet is finished. It can be washed like canvas carpets, without injury. Such carpets of course will not bear the rough usage of a kitchen, but in chambers and keeping rooms our informant tells us he has seen them after being used for two years and frequently washed, retaining a most beautiful polish, smoother than canvas.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

End of old English Prize.—The ship General Jackson, of Bristol, R. I. which was lately burnt at sea near Key West, was over eighty years old. She was built of teek-wood in the East Indies, and was taken from the English in the last war by a privateer of James D.' Wolf, of Bristol.

A Soldier tired of War.—The Boston Courier says:—The letters from the volunteer regiments in Mexico, show that the men have already seen enough of the war, and the country, and are desirous to return home. A letter from a member of company B, to a relation in this city, dated at Matamoros, May 4, says:

"I am heartily sick of the life of a soldier. Our situation here in garrison is much better than it would be if we were on the march, but still I do not at all relish it. My visions of glory, and honour, &c. have all disappeared, and in place of them, I see nothing but the stern realities of salt pork and hard biscuits, hunger, thirst, fatigue, and all the diseases incident to men from the Northern States, living in a tropical climate. I have much to say respecting the treatment we have received, and many other things connected with the company, but I understand that letters coming from the seat of war are opened and read by the Post Office Department, and if I was to give free utterance to my indignation, I might be subjected to a trial by Court Martial. When once free from my present situation, I will let you know how we have been deceived. I never thought that in assuming the garment of a soldier, I should be obliged to forget that I was born with the feelings of a man. Such is the case. I wish this cursed war would end, that I and every one here could go to our homes."

A Slave Case.—A coloured woman and boy who were traveling as domestics in the family of Mr. La Motte, of New Orleans, were taken before Judge Bramhall by some coloured people, with a view of obtaining their freedom. Mr. La Motte stated that they belonged to his mother, and were on their way with him to France, but that he had no desire to constrain them; that the woman and child were at liberty to remain or leave him, as they choose. The court discharged them, but told the woman that she was free to go where she pleased. She decided to remain as she was, and returned with Mr. L. M. to the hotel.—*Alb. Eve. Jour.*

The Slave Case.—In the case of Van Meter *vs.* Simpson, in the United States District Court, which we referred to in Tuesday's paper, Judge Grier delivered a most able and interesting charge to the jury; and, after a consultation of nearly twenty-four hours, they were discharged on account of inability to agree upon a verdict.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

Anti-Slavery Presbyterian Convention.—Pursuant to a call, published yesterday, a convention of the Anti-Slavery members of the Presbytarian Church, (New School,) will be held this morning in the Congregational Church, on Sixth street, for the purpose of forming an Anti-Slavery Presbyterian Church. The question of the propriety of this step, at this time, is one involving high considerations of duty, on the part of those who are called upon to discuss it, toward themselves, the cause of their Great Master, and the poor and oppressed slave. It should be taken only under a solemn sense of duty.—*Cin. Herald, May 27.*

Gen. Patterson on the Mexican War.—We understand that this able and sagacious officer expresses the opinion that the prospect of peace in Mexico is more remote now than it was after the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca. The Mexicans think that it will be impossible for us to hold the country long on account of the immense expense to which our Government will be subjected, and also from the expectation that the divisions of parties and differences of opinion among our people will eventually cause the withdrawal of our armies from the country.—*N. O. Delta, 21.*

Thrilling Incident.—At a Temperance meeting in Philadelphia, some years ago, a learned clergyman spoke in favour of wine as a drink; demonstrating it, quite to his own satisfaction, to be scriptural, gentlemanly, and healthful. When the clergyman sat down, a plain, elderly man rose, and asked the liberty of saying a few words. "A young friend of mine," said he, "who had long been intemperate, was at length prevailed on, to the great joy of his friends, to take the pledge of entire abstinence from all that could intoxicate. He kept the pledge faithfully for some time, though the struggle with his habit was fearful, till one evening, in a social party, glasses of wine were handed round. They came to a clergyman present, who took a glass, saying a few words in vindication of the practice. 'Well,' thought the young man, 'if a clergyman can take wine, and justify it so well, why not I?' So he also took a glass. It instantly rekindled his fiery and slumbering appetite; and after a rapid downward course, he died of *delirium tremens*—a raving madman!"

The old man paused for utterance; and was just able to add—"That young man was *my only son*; and the clergyman was the *Reverend Doctor, who has just addressed this assembly!*"—*Banner of Temperance.*

A coloured gentleman told the Anti-Slavery Convention that he thought the prejudice against his race did not originate in their complexion, black being very popular; otherwise a man would not pay six cents to get his boots blacked, when he could get them whitewashed for half the money.—*Boston Times.*

Strike at Richmond.—The white workmen upon the iron works at Richmond, (Va.) have quit their employment in a body, mainly because slaves were employed in some of the establishments. The Richmond Times says—the principle is advocated, for the first time, in a slaveholding State, that the employer may be prevented from making use of slave labour. "This principle strikes at the root of all the rights and privileges of the master, and, if acknowledged or permitted to gain foothold, will soon wholly destroy the value of slave property."

In the fugitive slave case at Philadelphia, the keeper of the prison was held to bail in $1,000, for allowing the supposed slave to escape.

Hanging Scene.—A most disgraceful scene was enacted in Goochland country, Va., on Friday week, on the occasion of the execution there of two coloured men. Under instructions from the court in which the culprits were convicted, the sheriff was about to perform his duties within the jail enclosure: but the crowd that had assembled without to witness the execution were determined not to be disappointed, and, by violent threats, compelled the sheriff to comply with their wishes. The doomed men were accordingly executed on the jail wall, in the presence of the multitude.—*Boston Courier.*

The Pennsylvanian speaks of a droll invention at the Western Penitentiary, in Pittsburg, for subduing refractory convicts. It is a machine made something like a corkscrew, but so fashioned as to be harmless. If a prisoner becomes fractious, and it is dangerous to enter his cell, the screw fixed on the end of a pole is pushed at him, until it catches his clothes, when he can be drawn out and disarmed without danger to himself or others.

The Buffalo Commercial says that a few days ago the three-masted schooner New Brunswick loaded with 18,000 bushels of wheat at Chicago, *and cleared for Liverpool.* She goes by the way of the Welland Canal and the St. Lawrence.

Slavery not Crime.—The Attorney General of Pennsylvania (says the Boston Whig) has recently given an elaborate opinion, at the instance of the Governor, on a question which, preposterous as it is, has actually been presented by the action of another State. To facilitate the recovery of the fugitives from Slavery, the Legislature of Maryland passed an act declaring it *felony* in a slave to run away; and a fugitive from Maryland has been arrested in Pennsylvania under this act; the difference being that a felon must be surrendered on the mere requisition of the Governor, but a fugitive slave cannot be given up until at least *prima facie* proof of his slave condition is produced. Habeas corpus being sued out, alleging illegality of the warrant under which the slave was arrested, the opinion of the Attorney General was asked; and he gave it, of course, to the effect that the Legislature of Maryland cannot make that felony, in Pennsylvania which by the laws of that State, and the Constitution of the United States, is something very different.—*Massachusetts Spy.*

Famine in Maryland.—Prompt Relief must be furnished.—We have several times noticed the fact that great suffering for the want of the necessaries of life was prevailing in some of the Eastern Shore counties of Maryland, and we now learn that the scarcity is also spreading over Anne Arundel, Prince George's and St. Mary's Counties. The scarcity is said to be so great that food can hardly be obtained at any price, and many among the poor and destitute are almost reduced to starvation.—*Baltimore Sun, 27th.*

The Slave Case.—Yesterday was the day fixed for the hearing in the Court of Common Pleas, of the case of Brown, the alleged fugitive slave. When the Court opened, and Judge Parsons, on sending after the prisoner, ascertained that he had been discharged from custody, he directed a warrant to be issued for the arrest of Anthony Freed, keeper of the prison. Mr. Freed appeared, and was ordered by the Judge to be committed to answer the charge of official misdemeanor, in permitting the escape of Brown. As Mr. Freed, however, being principal keeper of the prison, could not be committed to any other than his own custody, bail in $1,000 was taken. The whole proceeding was novel as well as amusing. While all this is going on, Brown, no doubt was wending his way to Canada.—*Philadelphia North American 25th ult.*

Slave Case at Pittsburgh.—A suit of rather an unusual character is now before the United States Circuit Court, at Pittsburgh, Judge Grier and Irwin on the bench. The suit is brought by Van Meter, executor of the estate of Inskeepe, of Virginia, against Dr. Robert Mitchel, of Indiana, Pa. to recover in an action of debt $500—a penalty under the act of Congress of 1793, for harbouring and concealing a slave named Jared, belonging to the estate of Inskeepe. The circumstance occurred in the year 1845. There is also pending in the same Court a suit brought under the same act of Assembly, by Van Meter, in his own right, against James Simpson, of Indiana Co. for harbouring and concealing two other slaves belonging to Van Meter.

American Unitarian Association.—This body adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That we believe Slaveholding to be in direct opposition to the law and will of God, entirely incompatible with the precepts and spirit of Christianity, and wholly at variance with a Christian profession.

Polite.—Abby Folsom once said to one of the Judges of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, while on the bench: "Cold water never gave you that red nose."

Too Classic by Half.—Mr. Bowden, member of Congress from Alabama, addressing some of his constituents the other day near Montgomery, in speaking of Mr. Polk, termed him "the last of the Romans?" "Well," said a countryman standing by, "I am darnation glad to hear that the breed is so well nigh run out." The effect was awful.

Massachusetts Colonization Society.—The public meeting of this Society was held on Thursday; Hon. Simon Greenleaf, President, in the chair. The report was read by the Secretary, Rev. Mr. Tracy. This paper stated the whole amont of the society's available means—including a balance of $575 91, left over last year—to be $4,171 17. There were 22 additional life members, whose subscriptions had been completed—and 22 also, a part of whose payments only had been made. The expenses of the year were $3,656 17—and the balance in the Treasury was $515.

A series of resolutions—contemplating the acceptance of the report, and a vigorous action on the part of the association—was offered, and supported by Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, of Randolph, Rev. Charles Brooks, William Brigham, Esq. Rev. Dr. Waterbury, of Boston, and Rev. Dr. Humphrey, of Pittsfield.—*Atlas.*

American Unitarian Association.—Rev. G. S. Gannet, D. D. has been elected President, and Rev. William G. Eliot, of St. Louis, Secretary of this Association. The salary of the latter was fixed at $2,000 per annum.

Third Matrimonial Link of New-York Society to the Nobility of Europe.—A Parisian paper mentions the coming nuptials of Mademoiselle Consuelo de Balmar, a young lady belonging to one of the oldest families of Spanish nobility, to Monsieur Manuel, commonly called from his beauty, Le Beau Manuel, a broker on the Paris Exchange, who gives his beauty and a fortune made by transactions in stocks, as a counterbalance for his ordinary birth. The *Etats-Unis,* after quoting the paragraph, mentions that the honoured bridegroom is a brother of Mr. Manuel, of New-York, the respected hair-dresser of Maiden Lane.—*Home Journal.*

Heroes.—The Havana correspondent of the Schnellpost says that a United States ship with troops for Mexico that came into that port, reported its cargo at the Custom House as "400 heroes." "Luckily," adds the writer, "these wares were *in transitu*, and not designed for our consumption.—*Tribune.*

American Branch of the Evangelical Alliance.—The meeting in New-York for completing an organization as above, is reported to have been thinly attended, and to have failed in exciting much enthusiasm in the objects which it proposes. We see, or seem to see, a sufficiency of reason for this failure. The world is becoming tired of pleas for unity rather than for Righteousness and Humanity. Unity, we may hope, is fast losing its talismanic power, except as it is founded in the great principles of social and moral rectitude. There is a just dread of any organization to promote Union, whose first aim is not to benefit man and glorify God. The dread, as we have seen, will be keenly manifested whenever plans for union shrink sensitively from an utterance and a basis that contemplate the rights of God and of man as paramount, and as elemental in every endeavour that aims at human good and the Divine glory.

The whole history of this movement, and the spirit especially of the protracted meeting and discussion in New-York, all go to make plain a growing feeling of the great Evangelical community. They declare an unwillingness, with some exceptions, to give sanction to an object that has more zeal for an ideal union, than for humanity. It is too late in the day to override man for the sake of ecclesiastical harmony. The thing may be done metaphysically, but the popular feeling will be made to recoil at so unnatural a process.—*Christian Reflector.*

NOTICES.

ANTI-SLAVERY LEAGUE.

Tickets of membership may be obtained at 142 Nassau St. price 25 cts. Friends from the country wishing tickets, to constitute themselves and any of their friends members of the League, may obtain them by remitting the money and names with the residence of each, when the tickets properly filled up, will be forwarded to them by mail.

The Anti-Slavery League is an Association formed in London, of which George Thompson, Esq. is President, and which is intended to include all, in all parts of the world, who can adopt the PRINCIPLE of the League, which is thus expressed on the ticket:

"Slaveholding, under all conceivable circumstances, is a heinous sin, and ought to be immediately abandoned."

FAIR COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, held March 11th, 1847, the following persons were appointed a Committee on the Fair, to be held at the close of the year:

Mary T. Stickney,	Margaretta Forten,
Anna M. Hopper,	Mary Grew,
Emma Parker,	Mary Shaw,
A. Matilda Cassey,	Esther Reckless,
Janette Jackson,	Sarah Pugh,
Maria M. Davis,	Clementine Green,
Margaret Griscom,	Elizabeth Carman,
Martha Carman,	Sarah M. Douglass,
Harriet D. Purvis,	Esther Hogeland,
Hannah L. Stickney,	Esther Burr,
Emily Winslow,	Lydia Gillingham,
Theresa K. Hallowell,	Sarah L. Child,
Paulina S. Wright,	Gertrude K. Burleigh,
Sarah A. McKim,	Huldah Justice,
Eliza J. Bias,	Margaret Jones.

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

Contributions for this Fair to aid the band of noble women whose names are attached to the call published in the Standard, to get up one worthy of the occasion, and of the cause, can be left at the Anti-Slavery offices in Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia. Packages forwarded to the West should be directed to J. E. Jones, Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio, and if sent by the northern route, which is the best one, they should be marked (care of Charles Bradburn, Cleveland, Ohio,) or if by the southern route, (care of J. M. McKim, No. 31, North 5th street, Philadelphia.) And in all instances they should be on the way West by the 15th of July.

SAMUEL BROOKE,
General Agent.

NOTICE.

WARD, DOUGLASS, & REMOND. HO! WESTERN NEW-YORK!!!

I have the pleasure of announcing to the people of Western New-York, that the distinguished advocates of the rights of universal man, whose names stand at the head of this notice, have consented to be at CANANDAIGUA, on Sunday and Monday, August one and two, to lecture on American Slavery, Sunday afternoon and evening, and to participate on Monday in the celebration of the Anniversary of West India Emancipation. Come up, men, women, and children, on this glorious occasion' and get good.

J. C. HATHAWAY.

COMING WEST.

Our friends in the West will be rejoiced to hear, that (accidents not preventing) Wm. Lloyd Garrison and James N. Buffum will be at the anniversary meeting of the Western Anti-Slavery Society in August, and remain in the West a few weeks.

Parker Pillsbury hopes to attend a first of August meeting in Ohio, and remain some time with us; and Frederick Douglass, in company with Charles Lenox Remond, will attend the anniversary, and visit several other places before they return.

SAMUEL BROOKE, *Gen. Agt.*

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

It is proposed to hold a Fair, to aid the cause of emancipation, at the time and place of the next anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and the object of this circular is to invite all, to assist in preparing for that occasion, who are the foes of oppression—who desire that our country shall be redeemed from the rule of tyrants—who wish to break the yoke of the captive, and to repel the aggressions which Slavery is making upon our own rights. Whether the contributions shall be worthy of the cause—worthy the high professions of those who stand forth as the friends of liberty, may greatly depend, reader, upon your efforts. Are you willing to contribute of your abundance or your penury? are you willing to stimulate others to do good works, and unite with them to bring your neighborhood offering, and lay it upon the altar of humanity? If you have neither silver nor gold, are you willing to consecrate a portion of what you *do* possess to this cause? Let the farmer and his wife bring grain and wool, brooms and baskets, cloth, and other manufactured articles—let the dairymaid come with her cheese and butter, and the miller with his flour—let the hatter and tinner, the saddler and shoemaker, present such needful things as their several handicrafts can furnish—let the merchant contribute liberally of his stock, and those who are skillful with the needle, bring such useful and fancy articles as their ingenuity may devise.

The proceeds of this Fair will be appropriated to the support of the Anti-Slavery movement in the West, either by placing them at the disposal of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, or applying them, by direction of the donors, to some branch of this reform, in harmony with the views of that society.

The cause for which we ask you to labour is one which is fraught with the deepest interest to millions of our race—it meets with favour from the virtuous and the good, and is approved of by the Father of the oppressed. We affectionately invite you to share the toil and reward of this work—we appeal to you in the name of MAN, robbed and outraged—we ask you to be true to the instincts of your better nature, and to prove by your actions that you appreciate the blessings of liberty and the safe-guards of virtue.

Betsey M. Cowles, Austinburg,
Lydia Irish, New Lisbon,
Jane D. McNealy, Greene,
Mary Donaldson, do.
Matilda S. Howell, Painesville,
Susan Marshall, do.
Maria L. Giddings, Jefferson,
Mercy Lloyd, Lloydsville,
Mary Ann Bronson, Medina,
Phebe Ann Carroll, Ravenna,
Martha J. Tilden, do.
Ruth Dugdale, Green Plain,
Elizabeth Borton, Selma,
Maria Whitmore, Andover,
Sarepta Brown, New Lyme,
Eliza Cowles, Geneva,
Zilpah Barnaby, Mt. Union,
Harriet N. Torrey, Parkman,
Elizabeth A. Stedman, Randolph,
Cordelia Smalley do.
Elizabeth Butterworth Hopkinsville,
Ann Walker, Leesville,
Mary Griswold, New Garden,
Eliza Holmes, Columbiana,
Leah Voglesong, do.
Anna C. Fuller, Brooklyn,
Cornelia R. Cowles, Buffalo, N. Y.
Laura Barnaby, Salem,
J. Elizabeth Jones. do,

NEW MUSIC.—"There's a Good Time Coming." The above popular Song, also, "He Doeth All Things Well," Mother's Bible, Excelsior, Away Down East, May Queen, Old Granite State, Pauper's Funeral, and Lament of the Prisoner, Bridge of Sighs, Burial of Mrs. Judson, Think Gently of the Erring, (composed by a prisoner,) Get off the Track, Drink from the Mountain Spring, Dear Father Drink no More, Grave of Bonaparte, Spider and the Fly, The Shepherd's Cottage, (with a likeness of Abby J. Hutchinson,) The Seasons, a Farmer's Song, Song of the Shirt, The Watcher, Little Maid, Humbugged Husband, Blind Boy, Anti-Calomel, Will You Come to My Mountain Home, Lament of the Irish Emigrant, Hebrew Maiden's Lament, Are We Almost There, Blue Juniatta, Indian Hunter, Glide on my Light Canoe, Man the Life Boat. All the songs, quartetts, glees, &c. of the Hutchinson Family, and other popular singers; also a full assortment of marches, waltzes, rondos, variations, &c.; music for the guitar, flute, &c.; instruction books for piano, flute, guitar, accordion, violin, tuning forks, Church music books, Bradbury's Floral Festival, Young Melodist, Young Choir, School Singer and Social Singing Books. Piano Fortes from $150 to $400, Coleman's Æolian attachment, &c. &c. &c.

CHARLES HOLT, Jr. Music Publisher
156 Fulton street, 2d door E. of Broadway.
May 8, 1847.—1y. is.

Free Labour Dry Goods & Groceries.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

FRESH and new goods just received, consisting in part of shirting and sheeting muslin, bleached and brown; Manchester ginghams of superior quality, various style.
2d quality do. assorted patterns.
Calico, do. do.
Colored cambrics and Canton flannel, assorted colors.
Bleached and brown do. do. and table diaper.
Colored table-cloths, imitation of linen.
Cotton hdkfs. assorted styles.
Long and half hose, superior and heavy.
Apron and furniture check.
Cotton twilled pantaloon stuff.
Knitting cotton, various Nos. bleached, brown, and coloured.
Cotton laps and wadding, white and coloured. Also,
Refined loaf, crushed, and pulverized sugar.
Brown sugar, good quality, of different grades, by the barrel, bag, or pound.
Sugar-house and West India molasses, good quality.
Rice, coffee, and chocolate.
Superior Teas, Selected with care, for family use or stores, viz: Fine Oolong, Souchong, and other black teas. Also, green tea of superior quality.

Various spices and confectionary, &c. &c. The whole stock exclusively of free labor goods, to which the subscriber would invite the attention of country merchants, as well as his friends and the public generally.

GEORGE W. TAYLOR,
(Successor to Joel Fisher.)
Northwest corner Fifth and Cherry sts.
Philadelphia, 3d mo. 25th, 1847.—1y.*

TO PARENTS.

The subscriber will receive into his family several children (boys or girls) to be educated intellectually and morally. Terms given on application.

Refers to Rev. Samuel May, and Mrs. E. L. Follen.

FREDERIC HINCKLEY.
LEICESTER, Mass.

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.	
Duty, 20 per ct ad val. per 100lbs	
Pots, 1st sort 1846	7 18·9 a 4.87½
Pearl	18·9 a 6.50
BEESWAX.	
Duty: 20 per cent. ad val.	
Cuba, white per lb	—.— a —.—
American, yellow,	—.26 a —.—
BRISTLES.	
Duty, 5 per cent ad val.	
St.Pet'sbg, 1st sort lb.	.90 a 1.12½
do. 2d sort	.35 a .45
Okatka, gray&white	1.90 a 1.95
Souchoy	60 a .65
American	55 a .60
COAL.	
Duty, 30 per cent. ad val.	
Liverpool, Orrel.chal	7.00 a 7.25
Newcastle, coarse	6.00 a 6.50
Scotch	5.00 a 5.50
Sidney and Pictou	.75 a .00
Anthracite, 2,000lbs	5.00 a 6 00
DOMESTICS.	
Shirtings, brown 3-4 yd	5 a 6
do. do. 7-8	— a —
do. bleached	6 a 8
do. S. I. do.	7 a 11
Sheetings, brown 4-4	7 a 8½
do. do. 5-4	10 a 12
do. bleached 4-4	8 a 12
do. do. 5-4	12 a 15
Calicoes, blue	9 a 12
do. fancy	7 a 15
Plaids	9 a 11
Kentucky jeans,	15 a 30
Satinetts	25 a 60
Checks 4-4	8 a 10
Cotton Osna. S. No. 1	— a 9
do. No. 2	— a 8
Cotton yarn, 5 a 13	16 a 18
do. 14 a 19	18 a 22
do. 20 a 23	22 a 23
FLOUR & MEAL.	
Duty, 20 per cent ad val.	
Genesee per bbl.	9 12½ a 9.25
Troy	—.— a 9.25
Michigan	9.12½ a 9.25
Ohio, flat hoop	9.12½ a 9.18¾
Ohio round hoop	—.— a —.—
Ohio, via, Canal	9.12½ a 9.18¾
Pennsylvania	.— a 8 50
Brandywine	.50 a 10.00
Georgetown	.87½ a 10.00
Baltimore c. mills	.00 a 10.00
Richmond c. mills	8.12½ a 9.00
do. country	.75 a —.—
Alexandria	.75 a 9.25
Fredericksburg	.25 a —.—
Petersburg	.25 a —.—
Rye flour	.25 a 7.50
Cornmeal, Jersey	5.25 a 5.75
do. hhd.	26.50 a —.—
FISH	
Duty, 20 per cent ad val.	
Dry cod, cwt.	3.87½ a 3.90
Dry scale	1.75 a 2.00
Pickled cod, bbl.	3.25 a —.—
do. salmon, tce	17.50 a 18.00
Smoked do. lb	— a —
Mackerel, 1, bbl.	—.— a 11.25
do. No. 1 small	10.50 a 10.75
do. No. 2	—.— a —.—
do. do. North	7.00 a 7.25
do. No. 3 South	5.25 a 5.50
do. do. North	4.75 a —.—
Shad, N 1 Ct.hf.bbl.	4.75 a —.—
do. No. 2	4.37½ a 4.62½
Bucksp't. bbl.	7.25 a —.—
Mass. do.	—.— a —.—
Southern	—.— a —.—
Herring, pickled	3.25 a 3.50
do. scale, per box,	90 a 95
do. No. 1	55 a 60
do. No. 2	30 a 35
GRAIN.	
Duty, 20 per cent. ad val.	
Wheat, white bush	2.15 a 2.25
do Western	1.95 a 2.00
do. Southern	.— a .—
Rye northern	1.40 a 1.50
Corn north'n & Jer	1.20 a 1.25
do south'n(weight)	1.18 a 1.20
do N O & West'n	— a —
Barley, Western,	85 a .90
Oats, northern	65 a .70
do. southern	42 a .45
do. New-Jersey	42 a 45
Beans, white	1.25 a 1.31
Peas, blk eyed	.— a 2.25

FLAX	
Duty: 15 per cent. ad val.	
Russia per lb.	9 a 11
American	7 a 8
FEATHERS	
Duty: 25 per cent. ad val.	
Foreign per lb.	12 a 25
Foreign A. A.	25 a —
Live, American	28 a 33
HAY—Per 100 lbs.	
North River in bales	45 a 50
HOPS	
Duty, 20 per cent. ad val.	
First sort 1846, lb.	9 a 9½
LEATHER. [Sole]	
Duty, 20 per cent. ad val.	
Oak per lb.	17 a 22
Oak Ohio,	16 a 20
Hemlock, light	15 a 16
do. middle	15 a 16
do. heavy,	13 a 14½
do. damaged	12 a 13
do. poor do.	7 a 9
LIME	
Thomaston per bbl	1.13 a 1.14
LUMBER	
Duty: Timber and firewood, 20; boards, timber, &c. shaped for use, 30; do rough, 20 per ct ad val. Yard selling prices	
Timber w. pine pr.c.ft.	13 a 20
do. east'n scant or beams prM. ft.	15.00 a 16.25
do oak, cu. ft.	.20 a .30
do. Gr.Isl.W.O.	—25 a —335
do. O.scnt.pr.M.ft.	30.00 a — 65
do. Ga.yel.pine(by cargo) per cub. ft.	—24 a 2.00
Plank Ga. yel. pine pr M foot	27.50 a — —
Boards N.R.M.ft.cl.	30.00 a 35.00
do. 2d ql.	20.00 a 25.00
do. Box	14.00 a 14.50
Albany, piece	10 a .18
Plank Alb. pine	12 a .22
Laths E. by car.	2.50 a 3.00
Shingles bh. 18 in.	1.75 a 2.00
do. Ced.3ft.1stql.	26.00 a —.—
do. do. 2d ql.	22.— a 24.—
do. 2ft.1st ql.	17.— a 18.—
do. do.2dql.	15.— a 16.—
do. Cyprus 2d ql.	13.— a 14.—
Heading W.O.pr.M.	45.— a 50.—
Staves W. O. pipe	50.— a —.—
do. do. hhd.	40.— a —.—
do. do. bbl.	30.— a —.—
do. R. O. hhd.	20.— a 30.—
PROVISIONS.	
Duty: Cheese 30; all other 20 per cent. ad val.	
Beef, mess per bbl.	12.75 a 13.50
do. prime	9.00 a 9.50
Pork, mess Ohio	16.50 a 17.25
do. prime do.	14.00 a —.50
Lard	9½ a —.10½
Hams, smoked	10 a —.11
Shoulders, smoked	8 a —. 8½
Beef do.	12 a —.12½
Butter, Orange co.	25 a —.28
do. West'n dairy	18 a —.20
do. common	— a —
Cheese	7 a —. 7½
SEEDS.	
Duty: flaxseed clover, and timothy, 20 per cent. ad val.	
Clover, per lb.	—. 7½ a —. 8
Timothy, 7 bush.	17.— a 22.—
Flax, rough	—.— a 11.50
do. clean	—.— a —.—
TALLOW.	
Duty: tallow, grease, & soap stuff 10 per cent. ad val.	
Rendered	8½ a 9
WOOL.	
Duty, 30 per cent. ad val.	
Am. Sax'ny. fleece lb.	35 a 37½
Am. full blood Merino	32 a 34
Am. ½ & ¾ Merino	25 a 27
Am. native & ¼ do.	25 a 27
Superfine, pulled, ctry.	30 a 32
do. do. city	29 a 30
No. 1, pulled, country,	26 a 27
do. city	25 a 26
South Am. washed	10 a 18
do. do. & picked	15 a 18
do. unwashed	5 a 7
Africa	6 a 12
Smyrna	10 a 11
Mexican	9 a 11½

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

A SPECULATION CONCERNING HEAVEN.

I've often wondered, since in Heaven
There will be all sorts of races,
If different stations will be given,
And each have separate places,
Or whether yellow, white, and black,
Of every clime and nation,
Will all united, only make
A single congregation.

Perhaps, kind reader, you will think
I'm a half crazy fellow,
Or mooted questions when with drink,
My brains were rather mellow,
I think I am sane, I guzzle not
At any time or season,
And for my somewhat curious thought
Believe there is good reason.

You know the churches here on earth
Make very nice distinction,
And those of station, wealth, or birth,
With special favour thinks on,
Gives them fine seats with cushions spread,
While poor, want-stricken varments,
May stand, forsooth, they are not clad
In Babylonish garments.

Others, more liberal rather, have
A few mean, stranger's sittings,
But well-dress'd visitors they crave
To go to those with fittings.
Then, friend, don't it appear to you
A very doubtful story,
That *Christians* here such things would do,
If 'tis not so in glory?

Then how they use the coloured folk,
All sects (or I'm a scorner,)
Invariably both sexes poke
In some secluded corner,
And at the table of the Lord
The whites at first receiving,
When they have done, next give the word
For the blacks to take their leaving.

'Tis strange, indeed, those numerous sects
So orthodox esteemed,
If they do here, what in the next
World, is improper deemed,
Surely a few a doubt can have,
That in Heaven's wide expansions,
The rich, the poor, the free, the slave,
Will each have separate mansions.

At least, if such is not the plan,
However others bear it,—
His part, a free American
With niggers will not share it,
There would be long and bitter strife
Ere he endured submission,
He'd rather saw the "Tree of Life"
To planks, and make partitions.

JAMES STILLMAN.

From Mrs. Butler's new work, "A Year of Consolation."

TO PIUS IX.

It may be that the stone which thou art heaving
From off thy people's neck shall fall and crush thee;
It may be that the sudden flood shall push thee
From off the rock, whence, prophet-like, believing
In God's great future, thou dost set it free;
Yet heave it, heave it, Heaven is high, nor fear
To be o'erwhelm'd in the first wild career
Of those long-prison'd tides of liberty.
That stone which thou hast lifted from the heart
Of a whole nation, shall become to thee
A glorious monument, such as no art
E'er piled above a mortal memory;
Falling beneath it, thou shall have a tomb
That shall make low the loftiest dome in Rome.

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT:
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(*From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.*)

CHAPTER IX.

The large stars of the Southern cross shone brightly through the tropical night, as Vincent left the table of the Commissaries. He had borne his part in the mad revelry with which the company had sought to testify their patriotism. And now, when the Commissaries, careful of their dignity, dismissed the revellers into the open air, Vincent was surrounded by a number of noisy young men, who were all eager for the pursuit of riotous pleasure in one way or another. Among them, young Polverel was not the least conspicuous, but soon, attracted by a gaudily dressed female who appeared at a neighbouring balcony, he threw his short dark cloak over Vincent's shoulders, and disappeared. Vincent was soon left alone in the neighborhood of Jean Kinon's house, which one of the company pointed out. As he paused near the spot, two tall dark figures wrapped in cloaks, passed by him, and one remarked in a well-known voice: "Here he lives, the black devil's host. It is all clear now, and the old rogue is left alone, but so much the better for us; some of his bravoes are always with him to ——" here Vincent lost what followed, as the two men disappeared, entering the door of Jean Kinon's house.

Vincent gathered Polverel's cloak around him, drew his hat, with its tri-coloured plume down over his face, and holding up his sword, that its jingling might not be heard, he approached the window of the house, and looked in.

A slight glance showed the whole interior. On one side of the old low stone tenement was a large room, the scene of many a wild banqueting, and where rude figures now appeared. The walls were blackened with segar-smoke, the floor was dirty and full of holes, worn by age, and the feet of furious dancers. Tables and seats stood around in great disorder, and all showed that rude guests were wont to assemble here. The room was but dimly lighted, but lamps were hanging upon the wall with smokened reflectors, which testified to the brilliancy with which the place might upon occasions be illuminated. On some of the tables, ragged figures were stretched out, almost asleep. In one corner sat a couple of men, quarrelling about the gold pieces which one was reluctantly counting out to the other. In the farther part of the room, some six or eight persons were at cards. A lamp, with a heavily crusted wick, threw its light upon them, and now and then disclosed their wild features. They were mulattoes, of different shades, and blacks. They laughed, and sung, and quarrelled, and swore, and Vincent saw knives drawn. Into this den no force of opinion or law had penetrated. Here was seen the lawless state of things produced by the bloody wars of Spaniards and pirates, and the savage manners of the buccaniers, who had ravaged this portion of the world. The revolution had aggravated these evils, and a class of bravoes existed, who were ready to sell themselves to the Commissaries, or to any one who might need their services; and it now occurred to Vincent, that these athletic desperadoes were the persons to whom the two strangers that had just passed into the hole referred.

He looked in vain to discover these two persons among the company. He went round the house and looked into the windows on the opposite side, and here were visible rooms of a much better and more cleanly character, and people of a different class. There were men and women, and laughter and wine. Several seamen out of employ, slave-traders, and persons engaged in the coasting-trade were deeply engaged in politics; and around a gaming table were collected a motley set of men and women, individuals, adventurers, &c. wrapped in short cloaks, with their hats drawn over their faces. Still among them all, the two men were nowhere to be discovered. Moved by curiosity to see the strange host of this notorious place, as well as by a desire to speak with him in reference to the mysterious note he had received from Toussaint, Vincent stepped softly into the dim-lighted entry of the building. Just as he reached the door of one of the rooms, it was opened, and a black boy of about ten or twelve years of age, of the darkest Senegambia complexion, appeared before him.

The appearance of a man wrapped in a cloak was however, too common a circumstance to attract the attention of the child. Not until Vincent had caught hold of him, and inquired for Jean Kinon, did he stop. In answer to Vincent's inquiry, he pointed to the room whence he had come: "In there," said he, "massa, father Kinon is talking in there with two white gentlemen."

Vincent followed this direction, and entered a small sort of cabinet where the host kept his bottles and plates, a place which served for a sort of store-room, and which was divided off from a larger room only by a wooden partition of about the height of a man.

Here he could hear persons talking on the other side of the partition, and he held his breath that he might not lose a word.

A hoarse voice, which appeared with difficulty to master a poor Creole patois, was first heard. "All bad, very bad," said the man. "I shall lose too, lose everything, my noble Senors, for you see how empty Jean Kinon's house is to-day. And formerly, O, formerly, the holy Virgin knows, valgame Divi! there was not a vacant place to be found."

"I think we have done all we wanted to do," exclaimed a man in a sudden, full-toned voice, "Let us away from this stinking cabash."

"And who knows, what they are aiming at now on the other side," continued the hoarse voice. "Bad times, very bad times! Poor Jean Kinon knows what may happen in the world. See you not Ustede, worthy gentlemen, how many lights are hanging here and there upon the big ships off there? Strange signs, bad world this, poor Jean Kinon thinks there must be much mischief brewing out there."

"There are disturbances all round," was the reply of a third voice, which awakened in Vincent a feeling of fearful expectation, as he recognized it as the voice of Jumecourt. His companion was the madcap Boulet, who had again became the associate of the young nobleman. "There is mischief out there, and if it were in my power, I would fling all those cursed ships on the rocks of Picolet, only to get those poor prisoners free."

"Nobody knows, Massa, what will happen,' replied Kinon, laughing. "God is great, tornado comes to-day or this moment, and all free, all gone, all dead!"

"Hush, you croaking raven!" cried Jumecourt, "and let us once more to business. You understand the case, then?

"Wholly, Massa."

"And you have five or six active fellows upon whom one can depend?"

"O yes, depend Massa, depend very well."

"They fear nothing, and in case of need know how to use their knives?"

"Spanish men, Massa, all Spanish men know how to use their knives."

"Good, they shall be well paid. We shan't mind a handful of gold Portuguese. I shall not higgle, they shall have what they ask."

"Ustede is generous, I know," said the negro.

"One knows not what may happen," continued Jumecourt, lowering his voice. "If she will not yield to my wishes, I shall have to use force. I must carry her to Grande-Anse, to the South, there she is safe. Many a thing may happen here in a short time, that no one expects."

"Many a thing, Ustede, the holy Virgin protect us!" murmured Jean Kinon.

"Six active fellows, then, to assist my servants," said Jumecourt. "To-morrow morning early let them be at the harbour at Torlock. On the outside of the bulwark is a small schooner, the Flying Fish, let them wait me there. I shall take them with me to St. Marc's and then we will begin our journey by land."

"Good, Massa, good," whispered the black host.

"And hold, one thing more, said Jumecourt. "Do you know a white officer they call Citizen Vincent?"

"Young man, handsome young man," replied Jean Kinon. "Delicate and white, like a lady from the West, chief of battallion, know him well, massa, very well."

"In short, one of your customers, I suppose," cried Boulet, laughing out, and the sanctimonious good-for-nothing indemnifies himself in your den for the restraints he practices."

"Never seen here, Massa; O! never seen," said the negro, earnestly.

"Well, now," said Jumecourt, softly, "I wish this handsome, delicate, feminine hero in heaven, so much do I love him. Understand me well, Jean Kinon, so much do I love him, that to the man who would bring me the news that he was released from this wicked world, I would make a present of a hundred gold Portuguese. You take,—a hundred gold Portuguese."

"Understand, massa, poor Jean Kinon understands all, and his eyes are open, he has a good memory." And then the host laughed in his hoarse way, and then added as the other two were retiring, "may you live a thousand years, Ustede, and poor Jean Kinon will always be your humble servant."

He followed his guests, and when they had gone out, Vincent opened a door in the partition, and entered the room. It was lighted by a lamp which swung by a chain from the ceiling, and with its dark wooden walls had the appearance of a ship's cabin. A table stood at the wall, and empty chairs, which Jumecourt and Boulet had just occupied while they were planning his death. Indignant and excited Vincent pushed these aside, and threw himself upon a bench near the partition, drew his cloak half over his face, and waited the return of Jean Kinon, whose step was soon heard at the door.

The host appeared, and remained standing, filled with amazement on the threshold. The veiled figure stood motionless before him. They looked at each other for a moment, until the old negro, with a low bow, wished his unknown guest a good evening.

Vincent surveyed the black host, whose appearance answered well to what was reported of him. He was uncommonly tall and ugly. Lean and bent, his aged body wore the look of a feebleness which contrasted oddly with his powerful limbs. His grizzled hair was confined by a red net, his countenance showed the marks of the eruptive disease to which the old negroes were subject; of his two small, deep-set eyes, one was entirely closed, and the other sparkled from between the inflamed lids like a ball of fire, and expressed a false and suspicious friendliness.

Vincent stepped up to him, and said: "And so you know me, Jean Kinon?"

The host shrugged his shoulders, and then opened his huge mouth, just in the middle of which appeared a single huge tooth, an obelisk of ivory, that seemed to commemorate long past times. Breaking out into a fierce laugh, he cried: "Ah! Massa, good, good! Poor Jean Kinon has seen much, Citizen Vincent, good Citizen Vincent!"

"Well, then," said the officer, "here I am; are you disposed to earn the hundred gold Portuguese?"

The black host laughed still more heartily, "Old Jean Kinon has big ears," he exclaimed, putting his hands to his head, where the appendages of which he spoke bore testimony to the truth of the assertion. "Good, good! young Massa talks a good deal. Poor Jean Kinon knows well what is to be done, and what to be let alone! O! Ustede, my worthy Sir, poor Jean Kinon knows the friends of his friends, and he loves them." And with this he threw out a glance from his eye so heartily friendly that Vincent was pretty well persuaded that he had nothing to fear. The negro then stared at him with a look full of expectation. "I have come here," said Vincent somewhat embarrassed, "to ask"——— Jean Kinon allowed him to proceed no further.—"Know very well," said he, with his hoarse gutteral voice, "O! know very well, Ustede, exactly, exactly! have expected you, already, for some time—we knew it—poor Jean Kinon has big ears."

He drew a little whistle from his pocket whose shrill sound summoned a black girl, in whose ear the hoast whispered a few words.

"Tell me," said Vincent, "what are these Creoles after? You know a good deal, Jean Kinon, and as you are my friend, you know it is the neice of Baron de Charmilly, whom these wretches want to drag off to Grand-Anse?"

"Know not, Massa, poor Jean Kinon knows not. The young gentleman hires people—many poor people in this house without work—bad times. Ustede, very bad times. But Massa young," he continued, and his eye flashed scornfully, "young lady, young too, wants to carry her away, other gentlemen, young too, and handsome. Ah! true enough! true enough, but old Massa in the ships off there, he may come—many lights there, many wild faces,—have knives and guns—it won't do—it won't do! black man there too."

"What do you mean by that"? cried Vincent, "I don't understand you."

"Ah! Macaya!" laughed Jean Kinon, and pointed to the door, which now softly opened, and admitted a negro, tolerably youthful in appearance, of a slender figure, with a crafty, bold look. A ridiculous pomposity, and the European manners which he affected, at another time would have provoked laughter, but now Vincent thought only of Toussaint's words, and of the advantage to be gained by this new acquaintance.

"M. Vincent," said the negro with a nod," you have long been expected. Well, now, what do you wish? Macaya will do, Pierrot will do too. What will you give us if we come?"

"Vincent was not a little surprised at this address. However he recovered himself at once. The hour is at hand," said he, "when the country will reward its black friends, make them citizens, and grant them all their rights. *I* have come to see Macaya, and to ask him how many of his brethren are with him?"

"Macaya is lieutenant to General Pierrot," said the black, throwing his head proudly up, "but his voice is as good as Pierrot's, for the General is old. If the Commissaries want us, we can bring you six thousand of our brethren, and indeed more, for Macaya's voice reaches far, Sir."

And he began to talk about the strength of his army, his own power, and the rewards he expected, and Vincent, in order to encourage his confidence, drew out his pocket-book, and wrote down several notices, names, and remarks, for the negroes had almost a superstitious reverence for the art of writing."

"Well, well," said he at last, rising and almost out of patience at the gasconading of Macaya, "and now let me manage it. Mr. Macaya, I will speak with the Commissaries, who will reward you well."

"How, Sir," cried Macaya, with violence, an extending his arm with an air of defiance. "So, then, you have said nothing yet to the great citizens?—How came you here, why have you made me talk so much if you have no authority to hear me? Macaya knows that many a one bows before him, where he comes few can bear his looks, and his friends," he muttered, as he caught his breath after this boasting speech, "do not go away, without at least taking a drink with him."

"Vincent laughed at the cunning with which the black sought to gratify his love of spirituous liquors, and while he bowed to him with mock gravity, "I thank you, worthy Colonel Macaya," said he, "that you hold me worthy of your friendship, and so tell me quick what will you drink?"

"Jean Kinon," cried Macaya, seizing the host's hand, "it's all right. A friend, true friend, Massa Vincent. Macaya is a free man, and free man must drink, drink much, and do no work. Pshaw! work! free man must be merry, slaves may work."

In the midst of this declaration of his notions of freedom, which were shared by all his brethren, he suddenly broke off, and shouted to the black host to bring strong rum, sugar, Spanish wine, bananas and eggs, in short all the favourite liquors and viands of a black gourmand. In his good humour he prattled of a thousand other things, and swore by the holy Virgin of the mountain, a common negro oath, that in a couple of hours, ten thousand of his black brethren should be at the Cape, if Vincent would have it so.

In the meanwhile rum and wine were brought, and like a true toper, Macaya emptied one glass after another so rapidly, that Vincent deemed it advisable to retire. He put into Jean Kinon's hand a gold piece which was received with a grin as Vincent gave him to understand that it was to be devoted wholly to Macaya's entertainment. As the host attended Vincent to the door; "Macaya loves to drink," said he, "but he shall not drink any more to-day. Poor Jean Kinon says it. It won't do to-day. O! Ustede, my worthy Sir, Jean Kinon will take care. Come when you will, Macaya will hear your words." And he turned his little sharp eye towards the sea, whence confused sounds were heard from the ships. Lights were passing rapidly to and fro. The distant sounds of oars were heard, and many voices seemed to be giving and receiving orders. The hoarse laugh of the old host sounded like an answer also to these voices. He stretched his arm out with a menacing air: "Customers, will come, many customers," said he, "poor Jean Kinon will receive them. O! O! Ustede, they will dance, dance well, but come when you will, soon, Massa, soon, Macaya will wait."

A sort of madness seemed to seize the ugly old creature, so strange were the contortions of his visage, and Vincent turned away with disgust, as Jean Kinon continued, pointing threateningly, and jesticulating towards the ships, tearing off the red net from his gray tangled hair and waving it in the air.

Vincent hastened away, and the hoarse diabolical laugh sounded after him and would not out of his ears. From the labyrinth of narrow streets and alleys near the wharves he soon emerged and proceeded slowly up the fine straight street which passed through the whole length of the city. As he passed the Franciscan Convent, the clock struck nine. It was the time when Helen would be expecting him in the garden. He continued his way under the shadow of the houses, and when he reached an eminence near the spot to which he was going, involuntarily he paused, impressed by the wondrous beauty of the night, and let his eye pass over the moonlit scene. The whole country round, the city below him, the Government House, with its high windows glittering in the moonlight, all lay so calm and peaceful in the sacred repose and loveliness of nature, that it seemed wrong to think even of the hell of passions which man had opened in the midst of this divine creation. And yet such was the press of events that Vincent must needs think of the path which he was pursuing so perilous and bloody, that, like many before and after him he might well look for death, instead of the peaceful enjoyments of love. He threw a look almost angry at the moon, concealed his sword under his cloak, and so proceeded across ditches and garden-walls, until he reached a place where an old Chinese temple, built upon an artificial hillock, told him that he was standing upon Charmilly's estate. With little trouble he surmounted all obstacles, and at last, full of hope and impatience he approached the spot where stood the monument which Charmilly had raised to the memory of a wife whom he did not love.

As he looked towards it, he paused in alarm.—A white figure sate immoveable at the base of the monument, completely wrapped in a thick veil. The moonlight fell sharply on the marble death angels on the monument, and beneath them, half hidden in the blue shadow, sate shew whom he sought, and who seemed like a death angel herself.

Vincent stepped softly towards her. As she caught the sound of his steps, she extended her hand towards him from under the veil. It was cold, and it trembled in the mild tropical night, and Vincent covered it with his kisses. He let his sword fall, as, bowed down at her side, he threw his arms around the weeping loved one, drew her to his heart, and embraced by her trembling arms in return, he felt all the power of the moment.

Suddenly Helen tore herself away from him, and gazed sadly into his face. "Where is my Uncle," said she, "O! Reginald, what has become of him?"

"What I long ago feared, has happened," replied Vincent. "It has happened differently from what I thought, but I mourn with you."

"And you" she continued, in a tone at once imploring and credulous, "is it true, did you arrest him?"

"I did my duty," said he, with a gentle yet firm voice. "Never did I find it harder to be done."

"Disguise nothing, Reginald," cried she, with solemnity, throwing back the veil, and raising her white arm adjuringly in the moonlight. "You cannot utter a falsehood, you cannot deceive, you are true but you are also a man, who may err in your weakness. They have told me," she continued, with breathless rapidity, "that you were his recent accuser, that you practiced treachery towards him, in order to get rid of him forever, and that you have sent him to France, to the axe of the guillotine, that you might marry his niece. Nay, my Reginald, listen to me, turn not away your proud, angry eye. I do not believe it. I can never believe it, but they have tortured me with these things the whole day, until I was made to imagine thee a criminal for my sake, for the sake of my poor, silent, dangerous love."—She threw her arms around his neck, and her tears fell hotly upon his heated cheeks. "Speak not a word," she exclaimed, "no protestations of thy innocence. Thou art so noble, so pure, thou needest no vindication. Thy countenance is enough, there God has written only love and truth, that is enough to give me quiet and peace."

Vincent seated himself at her side and taking both her hands in his: "So surely," said he, "as those unprincipled men seek to tear you away from me and embitter your love and mine with all sorts of falsehoods, so surely will I not rest till I put them all to shame. Be faithful, be true, my Helen, and all will come right."

"I will be wholly thine, Reginald," said she, weeping, "I have no protection but that which I despise and loathe. They would carry me to Grand-Anse; Jumecourt showed me a command to that effect, written by my Uncle upon a card at the moment of his arrest. Jumecourt is to take charge of the plantations and celebrate his marriage with me as speedily as possible. I saw the wicked, fiendish, joy in his eyes. Protect me, Reginald, let me not go from you—I am lost."

Vincent sate long and thoughtful. "Now by heaven!" exclaimed he, at last, "we must act at all hazards."

The time is hard, and the men of the time are demons. They shall not drag you away, my Helen. If you have courage to follow me, to be mine, wholly mine, let us not hesitate, let us not delay.—I will carry you to a place where you shall be safe. Let us go to the Commissaries of the nation, I will tell them your story, your love, and they will bless our union."

"With equal right," said the deep voice of a man who suddenly appeared from the other side of the monument, "could you appeal to the devil himself. Has it gone so far with you, ungrateful child! And you, M. de Vincent, is there no other resource for a man of honour but a disgraceful elopement?"

"Baron Charmilly!" exclaimed Vincent, grasping his sword with one hand, while he supported the trembling Helen with the other, "I ask not, what miracle has brought you hither?"

"Miracle!" cried the Baron, contemptuously, "the most natural thing in the world. But truly! miracles we shall live to see, miracles we must see when the old sacred cause of Right shall again strike root in the hearts of men. But every moment now is precious," he continued, "here I stand once more, Vincent, and offer you the hand of friendship and relationship. If Helen's dislike of Jumecourt is so deeply rooted that it amounts to absolute hatred and loathing, well then, I am no tyrant. Be my children, be my son, Reginald de St. Vincent. I renounce my darling plan, do you also renounce the false, faithless rabble, unite with us, and win your bride. I will give her to you with my blessing, and make you rich."

"Vincent's features told plainly what passed in his bosom. The force of his emotions robbed him of all speech. Ghastly pale, he held Helen in his arms, and looked now upon her imploring eyes filled with love and hope, and now with indignation upon Charmilly, who interpreted his silence as a sign of assent, and stormed him anew with entreaties, and then, Vincent cast his despairing looks towards Heaven, as if he sought for help there.

"And you, my Helen," said Charmilly, "tell him how he must act. If he loves you, if he is willing to give a world for you, as true love is ever able and ready to do, can he hesitate to renounce principles which, false and deceitful, scatter only misery and blood over the world?"

"Reginald," cried Helen laying her hand gently on his breast, "If you can do it, if for my sake you can forget the dreams of ambition, if you love me with the ardour that sacrifices every thing, let us then be happy."

"O! have pity," exclaimed Vincent, in a passionate burst of sorrow, throwing himself at her feet and pressing her hand to his brow, "my life, my whole being would I sacrifice for you, but to swear allegiance to a cause breathing vengeance which I despise, would drive me to suicide. Could you love the traitor, the dishonoured? Could I live under the weight of shame? In your arms madness would seize me. Honour is my life, and only in the consciousness of honour am I capable of loving you."

Charmilly broke out into a bitter mocking laugh. "You see there now," he cried, "what is to be adored by an honourable young gentleman. I too, love Honour, and live for it and for Right. And yet we, we who contend for the virtue and the authority, which our fathers in a long course of centuries have secured, we are the wretches in whose alliance and vicinity madness will seize him, and dishonour drive him to self-murder! And must I sacrifice thee, Helen, to this deluded man, and, notwithstanding his reckless obstinacy, believe that he truly loves and adore thee?"

"Enough, Sir Baron," said Vincent, calmly and gently, "why will you plant the seeds of distrust in this pure true heart? It is not generous, and the attempt is in vain, Helen will still believe in me, and in my love, and trust me firmly."

"Preach wisdom to fools," returned Charmilly, with bitterness, teach reason to the passions, talk to the blind of colours, or to the deaf of music; all this may be easier done than to convert a political fanatic. Away then, young man, and when we meet again, pierce the breast that regards you with paternal love, or help once more to drag me away to prison, and deliver my gray hairs to the executioners. Away! touch her not again, you deserve not her hand. Speak not another word, hasten away to your murderous Commissaries, they will soon need your services."

"I will not go," said Vincent, determinedly, "till I know what is to become of Helen."

"I will convince her of the folly of this passion, and seek to cure her," replied Charmilly.

"Choose, thou, between us," said Vincent to Helen, seeking to seize her hand, which Charmilly drew away from him, "You have said that you would wholly be mine. Leave now this old man who cares for nothing but his plans of vengeance. Say yes, and he shall surrender you to me."

"Young man," cried Charmilly, violently, "force me to set life against life. I am old, but I am not unarmed." And he drew out a pistol, cocked it, and while he drew Helen towards himself, he pointed the weapon at Vincent, who stood quietly close before the muzzle.

"Hold!" cried Helen, "for God's sake, Uncle, hold! Go, Reginald, it is my desire. O, gracious Heaven! protect us."

As she uttered the last words, a heavy discharge of artillery was heard, and the echoes reverberated from the mountains The next moment, shots sounded in rapid succession, as if discharged from the broadside of a ship of war. Three large red rockets rose in the heavens, and wild cries and shouts began to be heard.

"An insurrection!" cried Vincent, listening in the greatest excitement, "A surprise!"

"An annihilation of tyranny," said Charmilly. Hear what has happened. In the ships were more than a thousand prisoners, men, who long ago panted for freedom, and who have gladly come into our plans. Several malcontent officers of the marines have been won over, the sailors, enraged at the orders which prohibit them from the shore, and by the fight with the land troops, have sworn to help Gen. Galbaud to his rights. When night set in, we had succeeded in confining those who were not willing to join us.

The fleet was ours, the ships got out their boats and shallops, one of the latter brought me to shore, and these shots and rockets are the signal for a general assault. Our plan is well considered. It cannot miscarry, to-morrow morning we shall be masters of the Cape. Once more, Vincent, my friend, my son, join us, and all shall be forgotten."

Vincent snatched at his sword, and retired without replying. At the hedge, he paused and stretched out his arm toward Helen and the Baron. "Fly, unhappy man," cried he. "Carry her whom you love to a place of safety; save yourself too, the day of retribution has come!"

(*To be Continued.*)

From the Literary World.

"THEY HEARD HIS VOICE."

A scene of novel and peculiar interest occurred at the May meeting of the New-York Historical Society. A learned paper upon the ancient trails and territorial boundaries of the far-famed Iroquois, had enlisted the attention of the members so deeply, that the usual hour for adjournament was nearly forgotten. When the reader at length closed his dissertation, a member of the society rose and stated that there was a veritable Iroquois of the full blood present; and, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, the society would perhaps be gratified to hear any remarks he might be willing to offer upon the paper just read. The President, the Hon. Luther Bradish, warmly welcomed the suggestion, and an Indian, with all the characteristics of his race strongly printed upon his frontispiece, glided from under the shadow of the bookcases and planted himself upon the floor. The Red-man smiled and bowed with graceful self-possession at the round of applause which greeted him; and then with remarkable address he touched upon point after point of the discourse which had just been read, in language at once choice and forcible, and delivered with just that degree of hesitation which would characterize a speaker who was translating his thoughts. At last he came to a sentence in which his white predecessor upon the floor, had said, "The Iroquois had left no monuments." His response to this was a most animated burst of eloquence; and from that moment, his speech, having a direct purpose, became one of the most touching and dignified appeals we ever listened to; invoking the society to interpose between those who survived of his people, and the influences which were at work to expel them from the remnant of their ancient possessions in this State. He said:—

The honourable gentleman has told you that the Iroquois have no monuments. Did he not previously prove that the land of Gano-no-o, or "the Empire State," as you love to call it, was once laced by our trials from Albany to Buffalo—trails that we had trod for centuries—trails worn so deep by the feet of the Iroquois, that they became your own roads of travel as your possessions gradually eat into those of my people. Your roads still traverse those same lines of communication, and bind one part of "the Long House" to another. The land of Gano-no-o—the Empire State—then, is our monument! and we wish its soil to rest above our bones when we shall be no more. We shall not long occupy much room in living; we shall occupy still less when we are gone; a single tree of the thousands which sheltered our forefathers—one old elm under which the representatives of the tribes were wont to meet—will cover us all; but we would have our bodies twined in death among its roots, on the very soil whence it grew! perhaps it will last the longer from being fertilized with their decay.

The deep and respectful silence with which these words were listened to, was broken the next moment by a peal of laughter from the audience, at some grotesque touches of irony; while mingled sarcasm and eloquent invective on the next instant called out an involuntary murmur of plaudits, as the Iroquois speaker, proclaiming himself "a native American," commended his white brethren for their alacrity in helping "the Pole, the Greek, and the inhabitants of the British Islands," and recorded his approval of philanthropy generally, provided the original owners of the soil they lived on were not excluded from its wide embrace. He thought it well, too, that the books of white men might occasionally allow, that an Indian had some feeling for his parent or his son, for the wife of his bosom, and for the land of his birth. His gesticulations in this part of his speech were singularly characteristic, and added much to its effect. Turning then to the President, he said:—

I have been told that the first object of this society is to preserve the history of the State of New-York. You, all of you, know, that alike in its wars and its treaties the Iroquois, long before the Revolution, formed a part of that history; that they were then one in council with you, and were taught to believe themselves one in interest. In your last war with England, your red brother—your elder brother—still came up to help you, as of old, on the Canada frontier! Have we, the first holders of this prosperous region, no longer a share in your history? Glad were your forefathers to sit down upon the threshold of the "Long House;" rich, did they then hold themselves, in getting the mere sweepings from its door. Had our forefathers spurned you from it when the French were thundering at the opposite end, to get a passage through and drive you into the sea, whatever has been the fate of other Indians the Iroquois might still have been a nation; and I—I—instead of pleading here for the privilege of lingering within your borders—I—I might have had—a country!

As the Iroquois thus spoke, his dark features were compressed from strong internal agitation; a big tear gathered in his eye long before he reached the close of the sentence: but slowly uttering what he said, he held it suspended there with such resolute firmness that it did not fall, while his eye became glazed with the gathering emotion which words alone could not relieve. We never witnessed a stronger sensation in any assemblage: and we rejoice for the honour of the Historical Society, that it instantly took order, as the first step, for preserving the remains of the Iroquois in this State, to raise a sum of money to bring back the remnant of the families expatriated last summer; one-half of whom have already perished in the swamps of Missouri. It would indeed seem like the very mockery of the true interests of humanity, for an institution of learning to give its best energies to "the Old Mortality" business of deciphering inscriptions on the graves of nations, and turn a deaf ear to the last chapter of their living history, now enacting before their very eyes.

The name of this eloquent Iroquois orator is WAO-WA-WANA-ONK, or "*They heard his voice!*"

Extract from a Letter to the New-York Evening Post.

A CRAZED AMERICAN AT JERUSALEM.

A letter from Smyrna, to the New-York Evening Post, has the following notice of the wanderings of an eccentric or lunatic American, who has strayed to that distant country:—

The only American at present residing in Jerusalem is a certain Mr. Cresson of Philadelphia. This individual arrived in Smyrna about three years ago, and there announced himself as United States Consul to Jerusalem, and no one, at that time doubted the testimony he bore of himself.

It was noticed, however, that there was something odd about the man, and he showed a special religious zeal for the Jews, to some of whom even in Smyrna, where he had no power as Consul, he gave papers of protection as American citizens, a thing which he had no right to do, though in his own proper jurisdiction. At Beyroot he declared himself to be *American Consul General for all Syria*, and from thence he proceeded to Jaffa, where our consular agent was so completely deceived by him as to procure for him an escort of Turkish guards of honour, and proceeded himself with him to Jerusalem. The news of his arrival was soon noised through the city, and it was not long in reaching the Pasha's ears, who received him at the palace with special honours, and afterwards, as I am informed, called himself upon Mr Cresson, with all the state and ceremony becoming so great a personage as a CONSUL GENERAL from a great Government like that of America. The Pasha, however, very properly asked for papers indicating his appointment to the office, and Mr. Cresson acknowledged his inability to produce them, but assured the Pasha that they would come by the very next steamer.

Steamer after steamer arrived, however, and no papers appeared, and during the interval, Mr. Cresson was pursuing a most extraordinary course of conduct. He declared himself to be both a Consul and a prophet of God, and said that he had come to Jerusalem under the Divine appointment, to preach to the Jews, who are the peculiar favourites of Heaven, and especially to announce to them that their long expected Messiah is about to appear in Jerusalem. He carried with him, everywhere, a living dove, which he declared had come to him direct from heaven, bringing his appointment to the office of prophet. No razor was permitted to touch his face, and his beard and mustaches, in process of time, attained to an enormous length. With the American ensign thrown over his shoulders, like a shawl, and a plated silver eagle fastened on his breast, and a large silver-headed cane with *W. Cresson, U. S. Consul General*, &c., cut on the top, in one hand, and his dove in the other, and two bottles of rum in his pockets, he would parade about the streets of the Holy city—chiefly in search for Jews, whom he did not cease to assure that the Messiah would soon appear. Early every morning he might be seen going up the Mount of Olives, for prayer, and on the Jewish Sabbath he was always sure to be found in the largest Jewish Synagogue in the city, where he often attempted to preach to the people, only in the English language—not one word of which could they understand.

His denunciations of all Christian denominations were frequent and severe, and the English Bishop of Jerusalem, and the American missionaries in the country, were obliged to take their share. At the same time he made a free use of the bottle, even to low drunkenness, as I am credibly informed, and profane oaths were often heard to proceed from his lips. At present he goes attired as a Jewish Rabbi, with a beard reaching nearly down to his middle; and between praying and swearing, prophesying and denouncing, preaching and rum-drinking, he passes away his time. Of course, it was long ago ascertained that he is only a self-appointed consul, and now he is rearded by men of all classes as a most confirmed madman.

CAN A CORPSE BE CONVERTED?—Such is the question which arises on reading in a northern journal the incredible transaction which took place in consequence of a refusal of sepulture:—A Protestant lately died in one of the communes of Bouchain, and, as such, the Catholic clergy refused to perform for her the last offices. But, in a village especially, a family thinks itself dishonoured if the funeral rites of one of its members are not placed under the guarantee of a religious ceremony. As there was no Protestant pastor in the commune or in the neighbourhood, and the case allowing of no delay, resort was made to the curate to prevail upon him to open the doors of the church to the deceased. After long explanations the priest consented to accede to the singular request, on condition, however, that the corpse should be previously baptized. This proposition was readily accepted, and a few hours after, the posthumous catechumen was interred with all the honours of the Catholic worship."—*Democratic Pacifique.*

Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

THE LION AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD.—Captain C. Kennedy, in his "journey through Algeria and Tunis," says: "We were anxious to know if there was any chance of another lion being found in the neighbourhood, and were informed that doubtless there were plenty; but such was the nature of the ground, that unless their exact haunts were known, we might go out for a fortnight, and never encounter a single beast. The skins of all lions killed in the regency are sent to the Bey, who pays a handsome premium upon each. The flesh is eaten; and contrary to our expectation, we found it excellent, and made a capital supper from the ends of the ribs stewed with a little salt and red pepper; it tasted like very young beef, and was neither tough nor strong flavoured."—*Year Book of Facts.*

GUN COTTON AND MACHINERY.—Isaac Mickle, Esq of Camden (New Jersey), is applying gun cotten to the propulsion of machinery in his factory. The engine is constructed on the plan of the ordinary steam-engine, only there are two cylinders, one working in the other. The gun cotton is ignited by electricity, engendered and applied in a novel manner. Any degree of power may be obtained. It is safer than the ordinary steam-engine, and one person can run it.

ITALY.—"Sir Ricardo Cobden," as the Italian newspapers insist on calling him, "was introduced this week to Pius IX. by Cardinal Fieschi, and had a prolonged interview with our Sovereign. A dinner was given to Mr. Cobden last Wednesday, and which you will be pleased to hear went off most admirably. It was given entirely by Italians, which of course made it the more complimentary. I shall try and send you a paper with a full account of it, and therefore I need not enter minutely into particulars. The healths of the Pope and the Queen of England were drunk together as one toast! Amongst the company was a celebrated improvisatore, and in the course of the evening he delivered an improvisation upon Mr. Cobden, the last verse of which drew forth tears from those around, and which, translated, conveyed the following sentiment—'When you go back to England, say you found Italy a corpse, but upon it was planted a green branch, which will one day flower again and bring forth fruit.' I will give you an eye-witness's description of Dr. Masi, the improvisatore above named:—'His look and gestures were strikingly eloquent even to one who could not understand his language. There was a wild expression of inspiration in his countenance, which realized the idea of a poet's fine frenzy—and the effect was heightened by his long black hair, which streamed over a high pale brow down upon his shoulders. His emotions imparted to the audience an electrical effect, which now roused them to immoderate excitement, and next melted them to tears. One of his verses produced an unanimous call for an *encore*. He paused a moment, drew his fingers through his hair, then tried to reproduce the verse, but forth came the idea in another form of rhymes.' The dinner went off with great spirit, and I have heard Mr. Cobden say that, remembering that they were so near the walls of the Vatican, he considers it the most cheering proof of the wide-spread sympathy for free-trade principles which he has yet seen in the course of all his travels. He is delighted and surprised with all the Italian free-traders he has met; do not, therefore, be surprised if the Papal States take the lead yet, before any other European nation, in commercial reforms except England."

ASSES' FLESH.—The modern Persians, according to Mr. Lorier's statement, eat the flesh of the wild ass, and declare it to be better than that of the antelope. The ancients did the same; and it must be supposed that when Herodotus classes the ass among the animals which the rich Persians roasted whole and ate when they indulged themselves in better fare than usual, he means the wild ass. It appears to have been much more plentiful in the days of Olearius, (A.D. 1637,) who says that, at an entertainment given by Shah Abbas to the ambassadors, thirty-two wild asses were turned into an enclosure to be shot at, and remarks that their flesh was esteemed so excellent as to be fit for the King's food. Dr. Muffet quaintly observes, that "Mæcenas so highly loved asses' flesh, that all Italy was too little to find him asses enough." In the Second Book of Kings (vi. 35), we read, that such was the scarcity of food, that an ass's head was sold for fourscore pieces of silver. The Chinese esteem the head of an ass as one of the greatest delicacies, and the flesh of the quagga is a favourite food with the South Africans.

NEW STREET CAB.—A new sort of cab has made its appearance in the streets of London, which has something of the look of Hansom's the driver's seat and axle being constructed on the same principle, with the exception that the passengers enter at the back and ride sideway: the body of the vehicle is also much nearer the ground. The chief novelty, however, consists in the absence of all springs; a hollow tube about fourteen inches in diameter, composed of India rubber or Mackintosh, and inflated with air, is made to encircle each wheel similar to a tire; and thus provided, the vehicle rolls along without making the slightest noise. It is said to possess this additional advantage, that should any person be knocked down and the wheels pass over him, the injury he will sustain is comparatively trifling.—*Examiner.*

STATISTICS ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—The Law (English) Magazine states:—

"On the first of October, 1836, death punishment was abolished for—1st attempt to murder, attended by no results dangerous to life; 2d, burglary; 3d, robbery; 4th, arson; and, in the year 1841, for rape. *In every one of these crimes there has been an increase since the removal of the punishment.* Taking the three years which preceded the change, and the years 1842, 1843 and 1844, after the change, the increase on the 1st has been 89 *per cent.*; on the 2d, 115 per cent; on the 3d, 124 *per cent.*; and on the rapes, 102 per cent. The whole shows the power and dread of the death penalty."

It is said that the necessity for a penny-postage is now being canvassed at Rome.

On Tuesday night the ceremonial of installing the first French Freemasons' Lodge in England took place at Freemasons' Hall. Ladies are to be admitted as sisters of the craft.

In London, the proportion of public houses to other houses is as *one to fifty-six;* in Glasgow it is *one to ten;* every *tenth* house in Glasgow is a *spirit shop.*

It is impossible too often to inculcate the momentous truth, that the character is not formed by passive impressions, but by voluntary actions; and that we shall be judged hereafter, not by what we have felt; but by what we have done.—*Hall.*

A highwayman is as much a robber when he plunders in a gang as when single, and a nation that makes an unjust war is only a great gang.—*Franklin.*

Blocks and gibbets are the nearest objects with legislators; and their business is never with hopes, or with virtues.—*W. S. Landor.*

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